

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 812



JUNE 20, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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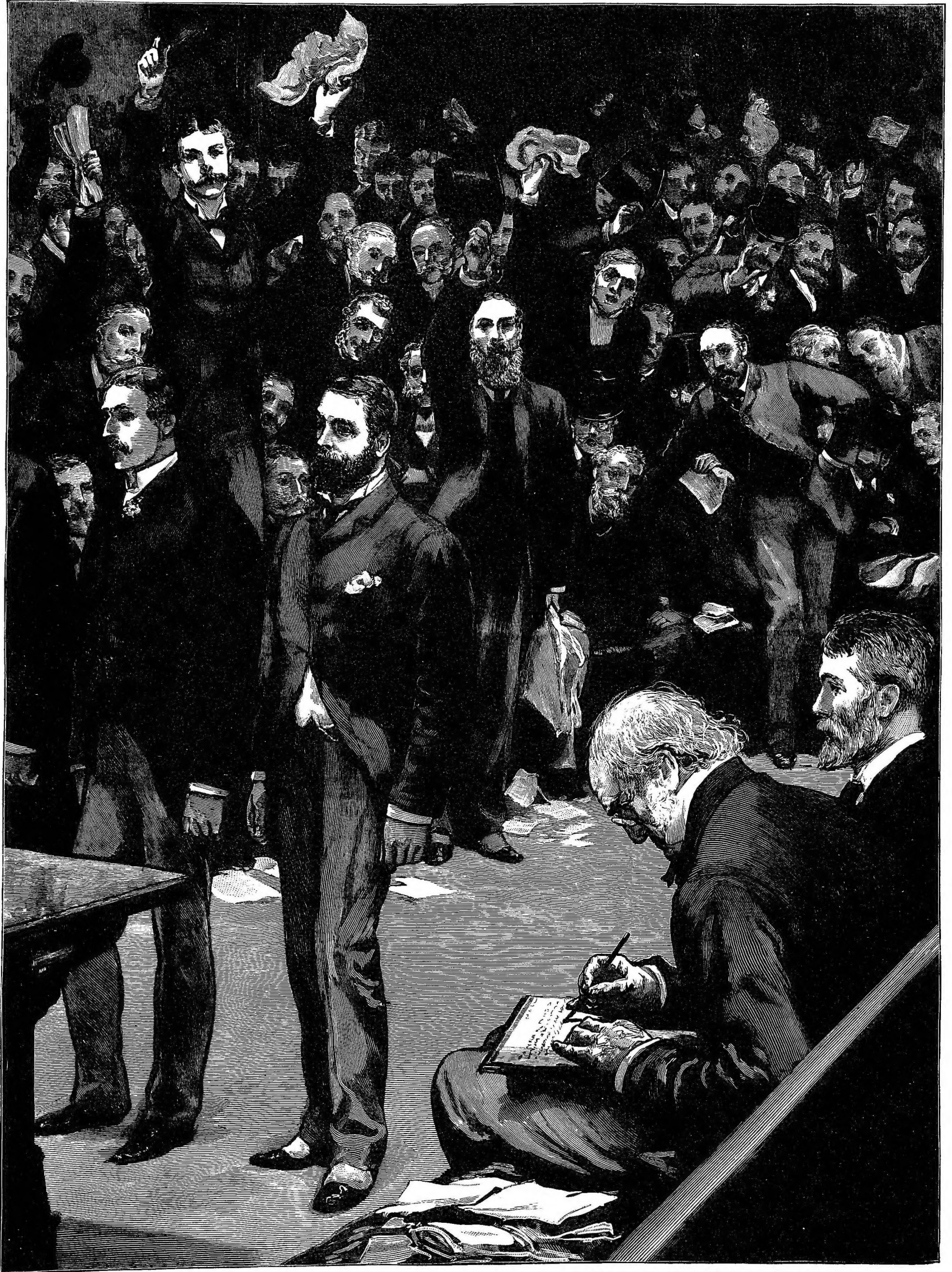
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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THE DEFEAT OF THE GLADSTONE MINISTRY, TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 9

"The number of the Government was now known to be 252, and the great question was whether the Conservatives had beaten this. It was soon known that 252 had been beaten; and then the floodgates were opened. Lord Randolph Churchill was the leader of the uproar. He took off his hat and began to wave it madly, and soon he had actually got up to stand on his seat, and from this point of vantage kept waving his hat. The Parnellites burst out into a deep, wild note of triumph. Their self-controlled leader did not join in the cries, but his pale face was a trifle paler, and there was a happy smile upon it. Throughout all this mad tumult—one of the maddest ever seen in the House of Commons—Mr. Gladstone remained outwardly untroubled, unheeding, even unhearing. He sat in his usual seat with his despatch to the Queen in the portfolio on his knees, writing apparently with undisturbed swiftness the account of his own defeat. He never once looked up."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Topics of the Week

LORD SALISBURY AND THE LIBERALS.—On Monday evening, when Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach broke away from Sir Stafford Northcote, it seemed highly improbable that Lord Salisbury would be able to form a Government. On the following day, however, he was able to overcome the most formidable of his difficulties, so far as they depended on internal dissensions. It has been urged that he will act most unwisely if he assumes office without arriving at some understanding with the leaders of the Liberal party; but it is hard to see how such an agreement could be effected. The Liberal Leaders could pledge themselves to refrain from resisting the Tory Government only if they knew what the Tory Government proposed to do; and on this subject it will scarcely be possible for Lord Salisbury to enlighten them until he has been some time in power. The best guarantee of the security of his position during the remainder of the Session is to be found in the condition of the Liberal party. If he proposes the renewal of the Crimes Act, he will, of course, be opposed by the Radicals; but it does not follow that the Moderate Liberals will vote against him, and the Moderate Liberals and the Conservatives together would probably form a majority. On other questions it will not be the interest of any section of the Liberal party to embarrass the Salisbury Cabinet. Sir William Harcourt protests that he and his colleagues did not court defeat, and he may be right; but, at all events, the Liberals do not pretend that they regret what has happened. They are delighted at the prospect of having a free hand in the coming elections, and they will certainly not recklessly throw away their present advantages.

IRELAND AND THE TORY GOVERNMENT.—There seems to be some doubt whether the Tory Government will ask Parliament to renew any of the provisions of the Crimes Act. Lord Randolph Churchill has condemned the policy of what is called coercion; and it is supposed that Lord Salisbury may shrink from making a proposal which would be vehemently resisted by the Parnellites and the Radicals. It is, of course, possible that when all the facts are before him, he may be of opinion that order can be maintained without exceptional measures; but this is not at all likely. Lord Spencer, who ought to know, holds that the ordinary law would not suffice; and it is notorious that his view was shared by an important section of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet. If Lord Salisbury finds that the evidence which convinced Lord Spencer is irresistible, it is incredible that he will allow any consideration for his party to stand in the way of what would then be his plain duty. He would incur a tremendous responsibility if, admitting that the Crimes Act was necessary, he permitted it to lapse, and so brought upon Ireland all the horrors of another Reign of Terror. It is not clear that the proposal to renew the Act, or a portion of it, would be defeated. It would probably be supported by men like Mr. Forster and Mr. Goschen; and they still exercise great influence in the House of Commons. But if the Conservatives had to resign, would that be so very formidable a result even from their own point of view? The Liberals would have the utmost difficulty in forming a strong Ministry before the General Election, and on them alone would rest the blame for any evil consequences which might spring from their refusal to legislate in accordance with the actual circumstances of the Irish people.

MR. GLADSTONE.—It was natural that Her Majesty should offer Mr. Gladstone an Earldom, for even his bitterest enemies admit that after his long and illustrious career he deserves any honour which it may be in the power of his Sovereign to confer upon him. It was, however, equally natural that he should decline to be transferred to the House of Lords. In speaking of the first Earl of Chatham, everybody still prefers to speak of him as the elder Pitt; and the great Liberal chief would always have been known as Mr. Gladstone even if he had accepted a territorial title. Besides, it is almost certain that Mr. Gladstone will not immediately retire from public life. That he intended to do so when his Government was defeated is probable enough; but "a great deal has happened since then." It has been shown that, so far as domestic policy is concerned, he still commands the confidence of the Liberal party, and that those who have hitherto followed him expect him to lead them in the electoral battle for which so many vigorous preparations are already being made. It would have been extremely difficult in any circumstances for Mr. Gladstone to resist the pressure which both the Radicals and the moderate Liberals are putting upon him; but probably his real inclinations coincide with those of his supporters. His health is excellent; his intellectual powers are as vigorous as they ever were; and all the world knows how much he delights in the excitement of a political contest. No doubt, too, he is stimulated by the prospect of conducting a "campaign" in which his party is likely to secure a brilliant victory. It is not surprising, then, that he refused to go to the Upper House. As a fighting politician he would be out of place in that serene Chamber; and we may be sure that, if it were possible, Lord Salisbury would be very willing to sit opposite to him in the House of Commons.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.—Even as when some blazing meteor goes roaring across the sky, ignorant people puzzle their heads as to the meaning of the portent, so the political world is guessing, half frightened, half in admiration, at the erratic movements of the brilliant Woodstock comet. On Monday, when all the "men of light and leading" in the Conservative party were listening to the advice of Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill remained away. He took the earliest opportunity, however, of proving that there was nothing wrong with his health, for the same evening he distinguished himself in the House of Commons by setting the authority of his titular leader at open defiance. What was the meaning of that revolt, and why did Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, of all men, take part in it? The public always expect to see the Gorsts and the Wolffs and the rest of the Fourth Party follow Lord Randolph loyally, even if he leads them into a palpable bog. But Sir Michael is a man of a very different calibre to those faithful henchmen, and it certainly was surprising to see him joining a rebellion at the very moment when an appearance of union was of vital moment to his party. Was there then a cabal? Can it be true that Lord Randolph and Sir Michael had a private understanding to make Lord Salisbury feel the necessity of removing Sir Stafford Northcote to some more exalted sphere? Or was it that the ex-Colonial Secretary wished to conciliate his most formidable rival in the House of Commons? These are enigmas for the present; as for the future, perhaps by the time they are solved, Lord Randolph's impatience of authority will have landed him in the Radical camp. On several important questions, such as the Coercion Act, and the Leaseholders' Enfranchisement Bill, he stands on the same platform as Mr. Chamberlain, and should the General Election doom the Conservative party to a lengthened sojourn in the "cold shade of Opposition," it would not be very surprising to see the personal regard which subsists between the Caucus-chief and the Tory-Democrat extend to their political relations.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND THE TORY GOVERNMENT.—The most ardent admirers of the Liberal Government cannot pretend that it conducted the foreign affairs of the country either with dignity or success. Our relations with other countries have seldom been more confused than they are at the present moment; and it will be no easy task for Lord Salisbury to place them on a more satisfactory basis. His first duty will, of course, be to settle the dispute with Russia, and it may be assumed that he will do so without attempting to upset any arrangements which may have been already practically concluded. This will be called "eating his own words," but every one knows that it is too late in this instance to reverse the policy of his predecessor. At an earlier period the terms of which Lord Salisbury really approves might perhaps have been obtained without war; but to demand new conditions at this late date would be to make war inevitable, and a war with Russia about any of the matters which are now in dispute would not have the sanction of the English people. In Egypt the problem of the Conservative Government will be more complicated, for England has still to contend with the bitter jealousy of France. There is, however, one good element in the situation, and that is that Lord Salisbury may be able to obtain the help of the German Chancellor. Prince Bismarck will not, indeed, wholly alter his policy for the sake of a Government which may soon be overthrown; but he knows that at the General Election in November much will depend on the manner in which the Tories have dealt with foreign questions, and he will be anxious to do what he can to smooth the way for them. It is, therefore, possible that he may find means to lessen the hostility of France to this country, or at any rate to prevent her from making her hostility very troublesome. Already the tone of the German Press, both official and unofficial, is much more friendly to England than it has been during the last three years.

THE EXPERIMENTAL SQUADRON.—The splendid fleet of war-ships under Admiral Hornby have not put to sea for a mere promenade. Business of an extremely practical nature lies at the back of this superb nautical display, the main object being to discover the defects of our marine monsters before they show their fighting qualities in battle. Nor will it do any harm, but rather the contrary, if the demonstration enlightens some Continental Powers as to the real strength of the British Navy. Some of our pessimist naval critics are wont to discourse in such a lugubrious tone that the foreigner might be pardoned for considering Britannia quite a "played out" old lady. True, as regards numerical strength, the experimental squadron appears almost contemptible in comparison with the Russian fleet which lately went cruising about the Baltic. We doubt not, however, that Admiral Hornby would be most happy to tackle that imposing force with only one-half of his ships, and we make equally certain that he would achieve an easy victory. There is one of his vessels—the *Polyphemus*—which, if she fulfils expectations, should be able to give a good account of a score of Russian war-ships. Practically invulnerable herself, she possesses immense offensive power, firing torpedoes under water as other vessels discharge shot and shell above it, and also having a terrible ram. The main question as to her efficiency is whether she would make good weather in a heavy sea, and that point will probably be decided before her return. It has already been ascertained that the large torpedo boats, which were supposed

to be remarkably seaworthy, have a disagreeable habit of burrowing into every bit of a swell, even in calm weather, very much to the discomfort of those on board. Three out of eight were actually disabled during the run from Portland to Bantry Bay, although there was not wind or sea enough to have troubled a ten-ton yacht.

THE SCOTCH FISHERIES.—"The herring fishery of 1884 in Scotland was the most abundant ever known." This is an encouraging statement to start with in the Report of the Fishery Board for that country; but, unfortunately, it has to be qualified considerably by certain admissions made later in the Report. Foremost amongst these is the unsatisfactory statement that the year's take was "largely composed of immature and small fish." The Board, as is the nature of Boards, look upon this circumstance as merely a slight drawback to the fortunate results of the fishing, which in consequence of the misadventure was "of much less value than it would otherwise have been." Other people will see in this proceeding of the fishermen something of evil augury for the future as well as of disappointment for the present time. For if the larger and more speedy boats now used for the pursuit of this fish are beginning to be able to find large shoals, as they did last year, "much earlier than usual," and so to destroy millions of fish which if left alone for a month or so would be worth their full price, a new element of danger and mischief has evidently been introduced, which in course of time may ruin the herring fisheries in much the same way as oyster fisheries have already been ruined, and as sole and turbot fisheries are being more gradually destroyed, all along our coasts. Another bad feature in the history of this fishing is the fact that by reason of the big catches made the market became glutted with cured herring, and a great fall in prices took place, especially of "maties" and immature fish, the effect of which was to inflict serious loss upon the fish curers, who had made contracts in advance for the year. The trouble was much aggravated by the fact that owing to the exorbitant charges for carriage by railway the dealers were not able to get rid of their superfluous stock. If the railway companies would consent to levy reasonable rates upon the transport of cheap sorts of fish, an enormous benefit would be done to many of the populous and needy districts in the inland of Scotland and England, while at the same time the fish dealers and fishermen would be saved the serious losses inflicted upon them when whole boatloads of food which ought to be valuable have to be thrown overboard, or used as dressing for agricultural land.

THE CHOLERA IN SPAIN.—There is no longer any room for doubting that Asiatic cholera of a very virulent type has broken out again in Spain after remaining dormant since the beginning of last autumn. Unhappily, the Spanish authorities still put their chief dependence on quarantine regulations, and strenuous efforts are now being made to isolate the stricken towns. Very curious it is that Continental nations will not give heed to the counselling of England on this subject, although she has infinitely more experience of the scourge, thanks to her Eastern Empire, than all the rest of Christendom put together. Even at the present date, our medical scientists do not profess to know much about the mysterious disease, but they have learnt, at all events, that it cannot exist amid perfect sanitary surroundings. An imported case would run its appointed course under any circumstances, but with proper precautions a well-drained and cleanly city would have no cause to fear an outbreak. In India, King Cholera used to commit the most terrible ravages among European troops, but now that they live in wholesome, well-drained, well-ventilated barracks, his attacks are comparatively light. No doubt, the waywardness of the disease in invariably passing by some places right in its track without taking a single victim, is due to the natural sanitation of the favoured spots. A village not far from Umballa used to be one of these; time after time did its inhabitants escape scot-free when the neighbouring station was being decimated. Yet the hamlet had nothing to distinguish it from other native villages in the same locality, being apparently quite as unsanitary as its neighbours. This is the sort of secret we have to learn before we master the great cholera mystery in all its bearings. What we do know is that filth and foul stenches, defective drainage and superabundant vegetation, unwholesome food and constant dissipation, are the cholera's sworn friends and allies.

CARD-PLAYING IN CLUBS.—Another leading case affecting the practice of card-playing in clubs has been decided by one of the metropolitan magistrates, and will in due course come before the higher Courts. The question raised was to a large extent similar to those presented in the late trials at Manchester. In each instance a raid had been made by the police upon the club, and the offence alleged against the proprietors or managers was that of permitting gambling in the house. The difference was that in the Manchester proceedings the gambling took place in the way of betting on horse races, whereas, in the Italian Colony Club, card-playing was the mode adopted. In each case the strength of the accusation rested upon the alleged fact that the so-called clubs were not in reality entitled to the name, but were in effect "common gaming-houses," disguised as places of social resort. They seem to have been decided in the police courts mainly, if not entirely, upon these grounds;

the magistrates being satisfied by the evidence that the character of a *bonâ fide* social club was not possessed by these houses, but was merely claimed by them for the purpose of eluding the law against betting-houses. Whether the judges of the Supreme Court will take the same view of the case remains, of course, to be seen; but in the mean time several other questions of considerable import to frequenters of clubs were raised by the proceedings. No one, for example, can read the reports of the case against the Italian Colony Club without seeing that those who appeared for the prosecution were anxious to get a decision condemning the proprietors because the game they allowed to be played was of the kind called "unlawful." And this being so, it follows that every club in which games of chance, such as Baccarat and "Nap," are played has some cause to be alarmed lest a detachment of police should one evening make irruption, and, after seizing the cards and what money there might happen to be on the table, summon the secretary, the players, and the committee-men to appear in a police court. As long as the statutes on this subject of gaming remain in so vague a condition, it is manifestly impossible for any club to feel safe as long as an "unlawful" game is there played. And as Mr. Justice Hawkins has told us that all games are unlawful in which chance or luck plays a part, the solemn rubber would seem to be as capable as the jovial round game of bringing down the thunders of the criminal law upon the place wherein it is played.

THE MAHDI'S LATEST.—Whether the Mahdi is advancing on Dongola or not, it seems clear that the withdrawal of our troops has put him into good heart. So much so, that he again furbishes up his fine old crusted joke of ordering the white Infidels to embrace Islam, or suffer the consequences. This stroke of humour seems never to lose its zest in the Soudan. Hicks Pasha was the first who received the invitation; Gordon used to be bored with it once a month; General Graham made repeated acquaintance with the bit of railery; it is now Tommy Atkins's turn to find himself called upon by the conqueror of Khartoum to thrust aside his Christianity as a worn-out garment, and to study the Koran with a devout mind. The joke may now be put aside, having served its purpose of making the Soudanese believe in the invincibility and saintliness of their Prophet. Much less humorous will the conduct of England be if she does not stimulate her rulers to issue a medal and clasps for the Nile Expedition. Not only have the troops gone through some very hard fighting—*vide* Abu Klea, Gubat, and Kerbekan—but they have suffered more privations and discomforts than in half-a-dozen ordinary campaigns. It was not their fault that Khartoum fell before their arrival; that responsibility lies elsewhere, and it would be simply monstrous to deprive our gallant soldiers of their well-earned reward, merely because certain folks in high positions had hesitating and meandering minds. Such ingratitude and injustice as that might half-dispose some of them to close with the Mahdi's offer, in the conviction that no Mahomedan despot would behave worse to his army than the Christian Government of England.

LADY WRANGLERS AT CAMBRIDGE.—Those establishments over which many a Philistine once made so merry, and as to the success of which many people, even of a highly æsthetic turn of mind, were inclined to be sceptical—we mean the halls and colleges for ladies at our two elder Universities—are belying by their achievements the pessimist prognostications of their enemies. After several preliminary successes of a less complete kind, Newnham has now sent up for the great mathematical examination two ladies who have won the blue ribbon of the Cambridge academic year. Miss Rickett and Miss Hewitt are not only Wranglers, for that quaint title of honour is no longer reserved for the sterner sex, but they are avowedly equal in the merit of their achievement to several of the men who have won the much-coveted dignity. There is no longer any reason why a lady should be supposed incapable of attaining a still higher place, and even eclipsing all male competitors in the race for the first place in the mathematical tripos. Miss Rickett and Miss Hewitt, together with the five other students of their sex who have won less eminent distinction by appearing in the honour list as senior or junior optimes, deserve to be numbered amongst the heroines who have established a grand biological principle. In solving the arduous and puzzling problems presented to them by the examiners, they have at the same time set at rest a question of more general interest—whether the feminine brain and the feminine constitution were equal to the prolonged strain of reading for a high class at the University. No amount of theorising or experimenting by scientific processes could have given us the certainty that these ladies have now procured for the world, by actually applying to the matter in dispute that indisputable form of argument embodied in the hackneyed schoolmen's phrase *solvitur ambulando*.

THE HENLEY REGATTA.—The hotel-keepers and lodging-house keepers, and other inhabitants of Henley who look upon "regatta week" as the most important period of the whole year, are said to be anticipating an attendance somewhat poorer than usual on the 2nd and 3rd of July. They probably base their opinion chiefly upon the fact that this is a dull season in London, that trade is bad, and that no one seems to have much money to spend. But, as on many

former occasions, it may not improbably turn out that their predictions are altogether mistaken. The very facts which they rely upon as likely to damage their prospects may not possibly do them good; for, in the dearth of other social attractions, the time-honoured claims of the old regatta are apt to force themselves on the recollection; and many a purse which finds itself unequal to the strain of a visit to Ascot or Goodwood may be thought capable of answering the calls made upon it at the pleasant meeting on the banks of the upper Thames. And as for the prospects of sport which the regatta card will afford, they are not at all likely to be below the usual average. The great metropolitan clubs, and especially "the Londoners," have first-rate eights in steady practice; and Leander, which is, as usual, late in the field, was to make a start at practice in the middle of this week, going straight to its quarters at Henley without any preliminary work on the lower Thames. Already, for some time past, the Canadian four-oared crew has been at the Red Lion, and has been hard at work, exhibiting the same curious style which was noticed in former Canadian crews. Amongst the events which are most sure to produce a good competition is the race for the Diamond Sculls, in which last year's winner, hailing from Oxford, is opposed not only by the two best men whom he then defeated, but by a formidable man from Cambridge in the person of the Third Trinity oarsman, who for two years past has rowed stroke of the University boat. College crews will be pretty strongly represented if the Cambridge eights which have done best in the races just over do their duty by their University. Oxford will send their head boat Corpus, and a four from New College, with a pair-oar from the same place manned by two brothers. The Eton eight has lost the services of Dr. Warre, who so long, and with such extraordinary success, acted as their coach; and it will be interesting to see whether the change of mentors necessitated by the promotion of the new Head Master will have greatly altered the style or lowered the merits of the school rowing.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills, every evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving, Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. At 7.45 THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten to Five. Seats can be booked one month in advance, and by letter or telegram.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—THE LIGHTS OF LONDON (by Geo. R. Sims). EVERY EVENING at 7.45. Messrs. Leonard Boyne, William Speakman, Hunter Hudson, Doone, Elliott, De Souza, Evans, Fulton, Bernage, Walton, &c., and George Barrett; Misses Emmeline Ormsby, Walton, Cook, Wilson, Garth, Mrs. Huntley, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Box Office, 30 till 5. No fees. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.

MR. GEORGE COLEMAN, of the Court Theatre, has the honour to announce that his MATINEE will take place at 2.30, Berkeley Square, by kind permission of Lord North, on THURSDAY AFTERNOON, June the 25th, at four o'clock, when the following distinguished artists, who have kindly given their valuable assistance, will appear:—Mr. Joseph Maas, Signor Perugini, Mdlle. Pauline Cramer (of the Royal Opera, Munich), and Mdlle. Le Brun, Mr. Clifford Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Kate Santley, and Mrs. John Wood. The Ugarisches Künstler-Quartett (Pinter-Rigo, Theater Popular von Budapest) will perform a selection of tette Accompanists, M. H. Van Lennep, Mr. C. Marshall, and Mr. Carl Armbruster. Tickets one guinea to be obtained at Mitchell's Royal Library, 35, Old Bond-street; and of Mr. George Coleman, 32, Great Ormond Street, Queen Square.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton. Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING at SEVEN, (Wednesday excepted), DURING HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE, by George Conquest and Henry Pettit. Misses Elise Grey, D'Almaine, Manners, Howe, Pettifer; Messrs. J. B. How, Algonon Syms, Steadman, Bigwood, Newbould, Lewis, Stephenson, Reynolds, &c. (Blücher) Hussars. Wednesday and Saturday excepted) with HOP PICKERS and GIPSIES. WEDNESDAY—Benefit of Mrs. Drayton.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, South Kensington, 1885. PATRON: H.M. THE QUEEN. PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. Division 1, INVENTIONS. Division 2, MUSIC. Admission to the Exhibition, 1s. Every Week Day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Two Bands Daily, and the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna, and the Pomeranian (Blücher) Hussars. EVENING FETES. Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Fetes, Wednesdays and Saturdays. INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON. PATRONS: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G. H.R.H. THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN, K.G. H.S.H. THE DUKE OF TECK, G.C.B. THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR. PRESIDENT—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G. PRESIDENT OF COMMITTEE—MAJOR-GENERAL R. GIPPS, C.B. Commanding the Home District.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON. June 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27, 1885. Including encounters on Horse and Foot between the best representatives of Her Majesty's Regular and Auxiliary Forces with Lance, Sword, and Bayonet, Tent Pegging, Tilting at the Ring, Clewing the Turk's Head, Displays by Picked Teams of Cavalry and Infantry, Driving Competitions between Horse and Field Batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery at the Trot and Galop, Wrestling on Horseback, Bayonet Exercise, Tug-of-War, Double Ride and Charge by the Royal Horse Guards.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON. EXCURSION TRAINS have been arranged from nearly all the stations on the London and North Western, Great Western, Midland, Great Northern, Great Eastern, and other railways.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON. MORNING COMPETITIONS commence each day at 2 o'clock; carriages at 5 o'clock. EVENING COMPETITIONS commence each day at 7 o'clock; carriages at 10.30. Tickets may be obtained at the box-office at the Agricultural Hall; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; and Alfred Hayes, Royal Exchange. Numbered and reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. Admission, one shilling.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON. For the BENEFIT of the MILITARY CHARITIES. A GRAND REHEARSAL of the Cavalry Displays of the Dragoon Guards and Hussars will take place THIS AFTERNOON (SATURDAY), at THREE o'clock precisely; and an entirely novel display by the Royal Engineers and Infantry of Aldershot will also be carried out under the direction of Lieut-Colonel Onslow, Inspector of Gymnasia for Great Britain; to be followed by the Trotting and Galloping of the Royal Artillery and Royal Horse Artillery; and at four o'clock by the Double Ride and Charge of the Royal Horse Guards. Tickets as above.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' New and Brilliantly Successful Programme. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at Three and Eight. The eminent American Humourist, MR. W. D. SWAETNAM, Will appear at Every Performance. Tickets and Places Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.

THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER

WILL BE READY FOR ISSUE
NEXT MONDAY.

It will consist, as formerly, chiefly of Coloured Pictures illustrating humorous incidents in country life, several of which are by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, whose inimitable sketches are always so popular. Two peculiar circumstances greatly tend to increase the interest in this number. One is the Special Plate,

"A WOUNDED FRIEND,"

from a Picture painted expressly for THE GRAPHIC by the great French artist, A. DE NEUVILLE, whose recent death greatly enhances the value of his work, and the other is the fact that one of the LAST WORKS from the pen of

HUGH CONWAY,

Author of "Called Back," who also recently died, and entitled "CARRISTON'S GIFT,"

forms its chief literary feature.

Price ONE SHILLING. The De Luxe Edition, 1s. 6d. By Parcels Post, each 3d extra.

Orders to newsagents should be given early as only a limited number are being printed.

BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS from Victoria and London Bridge.

Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday. From Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday. From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—Shortest, Cheapest Route via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class). From Victoria and London Bridge every Weekday morning. Night Service Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria 7.30 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. The "Normandy" and "Brittany" Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours. A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By Order) I. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

SOCIETY OF ARTS CONVERSAZIONE at the INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.

Members of the Society are reminded that the last day for purchasing additional Tickets for the Conversazione on June 3rd at the reduced rate of 5s. each, will be Saturday next, the 20th inst. After that date till the 30th of June, the price will be 7s. 6d. each; and 10s. on the 1st, and 3rd of July. No tickets will be sold except to persons presenting a member's voucher. H. TRUEMAN WOOD, Secretary.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

"THE LAST WATCH." THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE, British Gallery, Pall Mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s. By LOWES DICKINSON.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1885.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WESTMINSTER. The two Grand Historical paintings by F. SARGENT, contain upwards of 350 portraits from special sittings. On view at 175, New Bond Street, Ten to Six. Admission One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DOKE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI," by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168 New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

ZEUXIS AT CROTONA. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. I. "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY." II. "THE CHOSEN FIVE." These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE HUNDRED AND THIRD EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall Mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, One Shilling. Illustrated Catalogue, one Shilling. ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

NEW ENGRAVINGS, &c., ON VIEW.

MAYTIME. BASIL BRADLEY. TWIST LOVE AND DUTY. S. E. WALLER. NAPOLEON ON THE "BELLEROPHON." THE GLOAMING. CARL HEFFNER. DAWN (Composition). THE MISSING BOAT. R. H. CATCH. A PEGGED DOWN FISHING MATCH. DENDY SADLER. FIRST DAYS OF SPRING. ISENBART. PARTING KISS. ALMA TADEMA. &c., &c., &c. N.B.—Engravings of above on sale at lowest prices. THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, GEO. REES, 115 Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

INVENTIONS EXHIBITION. Group 13, No. 1390.—Dr. HARRY LOBB'S system of Medical Electrization. Batteries, Conductors, &c. Curative Electricity free by post 13 stamps, from Dr. LOBB, 66, Russell Square, London.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued the second of FOUR EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS, entitled "A JOURNEY TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO, IL," drawn and written by H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S.

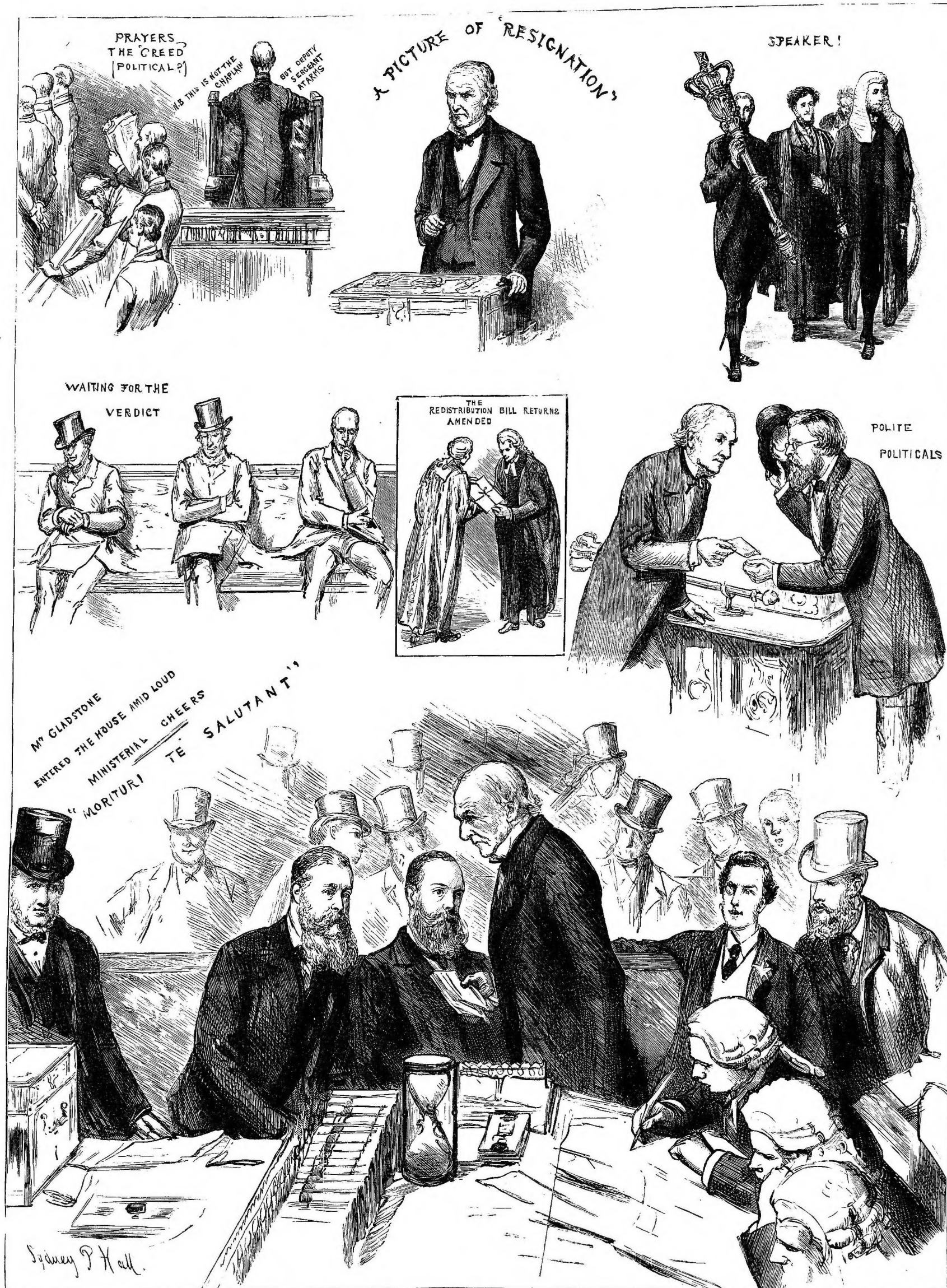


THE DEFEAT OF THE GLADSTONE GOVERNMENT

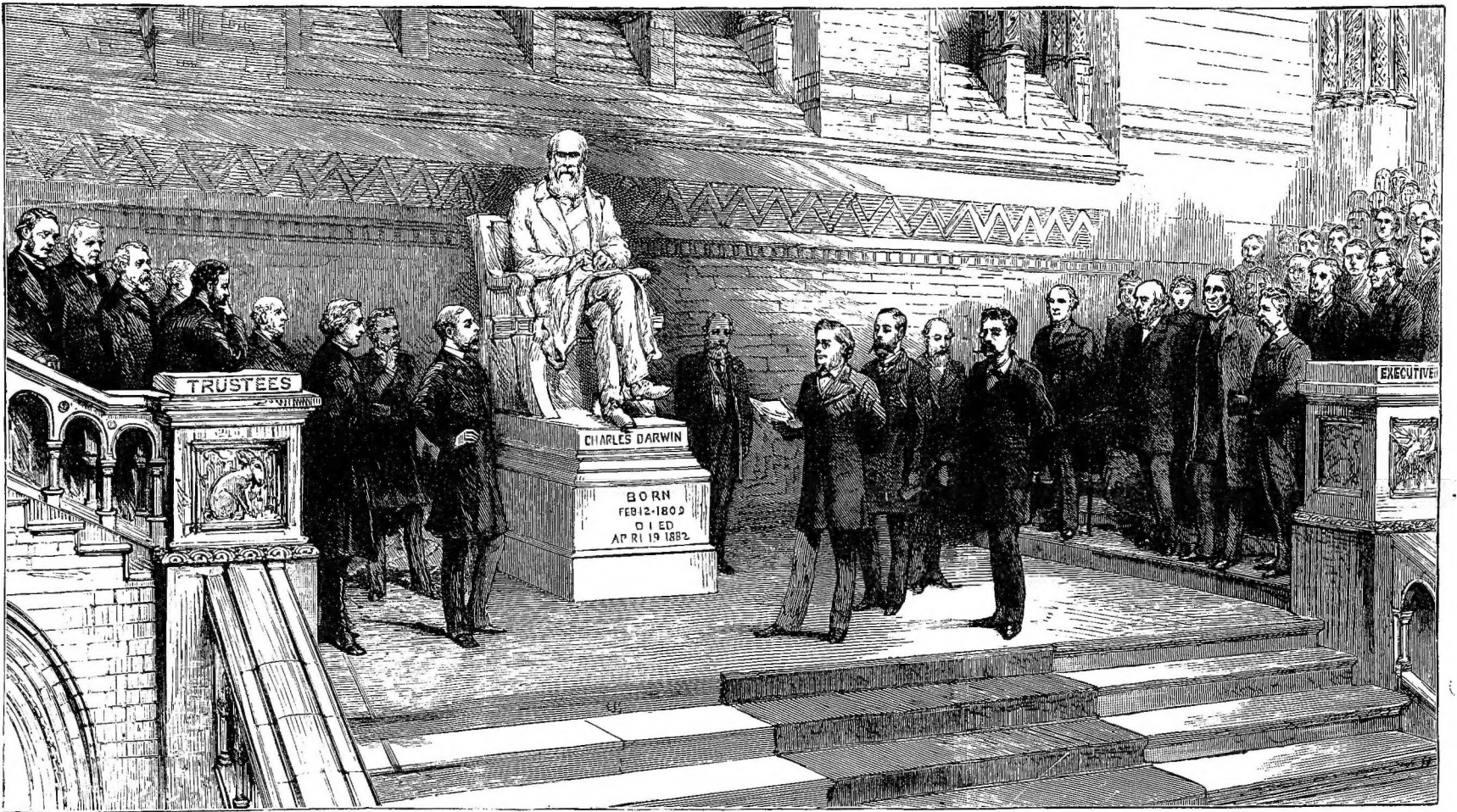
THE GREAT DIVISION SCENE IN THE COMMONS

THE Parliament now drawing to a close has witnessed many animated scenes. But that which took place in the early hours of Tuesday, the 9th of June, stands boldly out by comparison with any that have gone before. It had this in common with some of the most famous scenes in Parliamentary history—it was sudden and unexpected. The motion before the House was to go into Committee on the Budget Bill. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, on the part of the Conservatives, met this with a resolution challenging the scheme on three of its leading principles. Members on both sides were so lamentably familiar with formal attacks upon Mr. Gladstone's Government that, as has since been abundantly testified, they were not inclined to regard this renewed effort with interest, much less enthusiasm. Sixty-two Liberals, of whom at least fifty would have voted with the Government had they been present, stopped away because they thought there was "nothing in it."

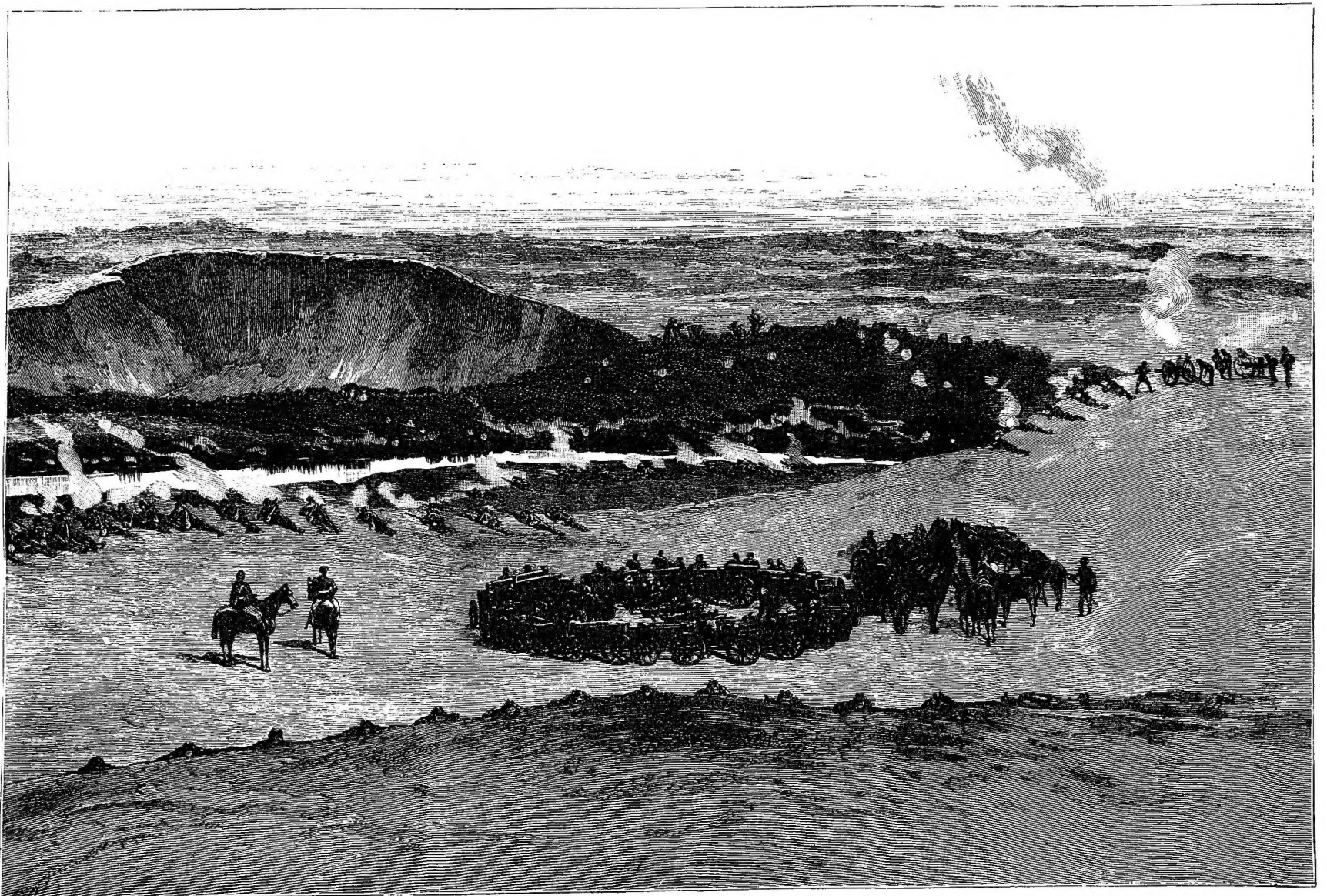
Nevertheless the Whip brought up great crowds on either side. After the question hour the presence of the multitude would not have been suspected. Members went off to dinner, or spent their time in the reading-room, smoking-room, anywhere but the benches of the House of Commons. This state of things lasted up till midnight, an hour which found Sir Stafford Northcote on his legs winding up the debate on the Conservative side. It was generally



THE DEFEAT OF THE GLADSTONE MINISTRY—SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FRIDAY, JUNE 12TH



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF THE LATE CHARLES DARWIN IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON



THE REBELLION IN CANADA—COLONEL OTTER ATTACKING THE REBELS AT CUT KNIFE HILL, NORTH-WEST TERRITORY

thought that this was the last speech, Mr. Gladstone not feeling the necessity of taking part in the debate. But by this time the Premier had doubtless received a hint of what might happen. When Sir Stafford Northcote resumed his seat, he rose and made a speech full of fire, and delivered with an animation lately foreign to his habit.

It was half-past one in the morning when the Premier resumed his seat, flushed and angry with the taunts he had flung at the Opposition. The division bell rang, and the crowd parted right and left, few, if any, yet guessing the surprise in store. Slowly the House emptied and slowly refilled. There was the accustomed murmur of conversation as members struggled in from the Division Lobbies, but for nearly ten minutes nothing unusual happened. Then it was noted that whilst the Liberals still poured in, the Conservative stream showed no sign of diminution. If things were as they had long wont to be the Conservatives should have been all in.

Lord Randolph Churchill was the first to show signs of something unusual happening. He was back early, and sat forward in his seat eagerly questioning late-comers from either Lobby as to the numbers. The excitement grew with lightning rapidity. Lord Kensington, who had been "telling" the Ministerialists, was the first Whip to arrive. It was only a couple of minutes, but it seemed an hour, before Mr. Winn arrived from the other Lobby and handed in his report. When it was seen that Mr. Winn passed to the right to lead up the array of Whips the story was told. The Opposition had triumphed, the Government was overthrown, and a wild scene of excitement broke out on the Conservative side. Lord Randolph Churchill leapt on the bench and waved his hat, madly shouting. Mr. Healy and half-a-dozen other Parnellites followed his example. Above the cheers there arose from the Irish camp shouts of "Coercion!" "Buckshot! Buckshot!"

The shouting, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the jumping up and down upon benches, were all renewed when the figures were announced, showing that the Government were in a minority of twelve. All this time Mr. Gladstone, with blotting-pad on his knee, went on writing his letter to the Queen, giving a summary of the night's proceedings. It was not a pretended abstraction. His hand moved steadily and swiftly across the sheet as if nothing particular were happening. The House looked on in amazement; but when the Clerk at the Table, not knowing what else to do, proceeded to read the Orders of the day, loud cries of "Adjourn! Adjourn!" interrupted the Premier's correspondence. He looked up with something of a surprised air, and then, as if seizing the situation for the first time, he moved the adjournment. Five minutes later the House was empty.

THE TWELFTH OF JUNE IN THE COMMONS

On Friday, the 12th of June, the House of Commons met in great force. It was curious to note the anxious attendance of the greater proportion of the threescore Liberal members whose names had appeared in the black list as absentees from the historical division of the previous Tuesday morning. A few minutes before four o'clock the Speaker entered, preceded by the Chaplain, the rear brought up by the Sergeant-at-Arms, with mace on shoulder and sword on thigh. The right hon. gentleman passed through a crowd in the Lobby, every one uncovering as the little procession swept along. In the Commons members on both sides rose as the Speaker advanced to the Chair. It was one of the Chaplain's "good days." Too often prayers are said in the presence of a muster of Ministers, half-a-dozen members, and the officials of the House. On Friday there was not a seat unoccupied.

Just on the stroke of half-past four Mr. Gladstone entered, and was received with prolonged cheering from the Liberals. The cheers were renewed when he appeared at the table, and in a matter-of-fact manner, though somewhat hurried in tone, as if desirous of getting the business done as quickly as possible, he announced that Ministers had resigned, that their resignation had been accepted, and that Lord Salisbury had undertaken to form a Government. The Premier's speech was not long. But what with the heat of the day, the strain of excitement, and the force of habit, here and there were seen two or three of the elder members who, if not dozing, laid themselves seriously under the imputation of taking a nap in the very midst of a political crisis.

After the speech was over a telegram was handed to Mr. Gladstone, doubtless containing some news bearing upon the situation. He crossed the floor and, with courteous gesture, showed the message to Sir Stafford Northcote, waiting whilst he read it. After this there was nothing to do but to go home, except that there was a wait of half-an-hour whilst the Lords were finishing off the Seats Bill. At a quarter-past five the Clerk of the House of Lords brought in the Bill, formally handed it to the Clerk in the Commons, and went his way; the House immediately after adjourning.

UNVEILING THE DARWIN STATUE

ON Tuesday week the Prince of Wales formally accepted on behalf of the Trustees of the British Museum, and for the nation, a statue of Charles Darwin, which, as the *Times* aptly remarked, "forms the visible representation of the recognition by the civilised people of the world of the value of the life work of this patient observer, fearless thinker, and judicious writer." The statue, which has been executed by Mr. Boehm, R.A., is of white marble, and has been placed on the top of the first flight of steps facing the Entrance Hall. A large gathering of scientific and literary men assembled to witness the unveiling, and on either side of the statue stood the Prince of Wales and Professor Huxley, President of the Royal Society—the only two speakers on the occasion. Professor Huxley spoke first, and dwelt upon the manifestation of public feeling called forth by the great scientist's death, "not only in these realms, but throughout the civilised world, which, if I mistake not, is without precedent in the modest annals of scientific biography." Proceeding to speak of the great work achieved by Darwin, whose "Origin of Species" completely changed the "fundamental conceptions and the aims of the students of living nature," he then passed on to the manner in which, after barely twenty years of controversy, the importance of Mr. Darwin's labours had not only been fully recognised, "but the world had discerned the simple, earnest, generous character of the man that shone through every page of his writings." Thus, when after his death it was proposed to raise a fund for erecting a statue, contributions flowed in from all parts of the world, and from all classes of the community. To mention one interesting case, Sweden sent in 2,296 subscriptions "from all sorts of people," as the distinguished man of science who transmitted them wrote, "from the Bishop to the seamstress, and in sums from 5*l.* to 2*d.*" The committee have thus been enabled to carry out the whole of their scheme, and not only to erect a handsome statue, but to create a Darwin fund to be held in trust by the Royal Society, to be employed in the promotion of biological research. On the statue being uncovered, Professor Huxley in another speech asked the Prince to accept the gift on behalf of the Trustees of the British Museum; and the Prince made a suitable reply, declaring that the trustees in accepting the statue had "willingly assigned this honourable place to the statue of this great Englishman, who has exercised so vast an influence upon the progress of those branches of natural knowledge which is the object of the vast collection gathered here. A memorial to which all nations and all classes of society have contributed cannot be more fitly lodged than in our museum, which, though national, is open to all the world, and the resources of which are at the disposal of every student of nature, whatever his condition

or his country, who enters our doors." On the pedestal of the statue is inscribed "Charles Darwin, born February 12, 1809; died April 19, 1882." The likeness is pronounced to be exceedingly characteristic.

THE REBELLION IN CANADA—BATTLE AT CUT-KNIFE CREEK

OUR illustration, which is from a sketch by Lieutenant R. Lyndhurst Wadmore, represents the attack on the Chief Pound-maker's reserve on the 2nd ult. Colonel Otter, after a long and trying march, had succeeded in relieving Battleford at the latter end of April, and at once took measures to march against Poundmaker, who, with a formidable Indian force, was in the vicinity. Accordingly on May 1st a flying column was despatched to Cut-Knife Creek, about forty miles from Battleford. The distance was accomplished in thirty-two hours, and at 4.30 on the afternoon of May 2nd fighting commenced. After seven hours' stubborn resistance the Indians were eventually defeated, and retreated to the hills. Our view is taken looking back upon the trail towards Battleford, and shows the corrals of waggons and horses which the Indians attempted to surround. The hill on the right was taken by a charge of Mounted Police and Artillerymen.

THE BHOPAL RAILWAY

THIS line of railway, which was opened for traffic last year, and which is situated in Central India between Hoshungabad and the City of Bhopal, capital of the Mahomedan State of that name, is remarkable as being the first of any importance which has been constructed in India by the unassisted resources of a native State. To some lines, such as the Scindia and Holkar Railways, Indian princes have largely contributed, but at no risk to themselves, as a high rate of interest has been guaranteed by the Government. But Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, a distinguished lady whose enlightenment and public spirit put many rulers of the stronger sex to shame, refused all guarantee, and has constructed the railway at her own cost and risk. Her wise example has been followed by the States of Hyderabad and Puttala, which are making lines of railway without Government guarantee.

The new line crosses the sacred Nerbudda River at Hoshungabad by a bridge which is in the first rank for size and difficulty of construction, and then ascends the picturesque slopes of the table land of Central India. The present terminus is the important City of Bhopal, but the line will hereafter be continued to Cawnpore and Gwalior, either as a State Railway, or as an extension of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway.

Unkarjee, with its colony of sacred monkeys, is a famous place of pilgrimage near the Nerbudda Bridge.

Our views are from photographs by Mr. Din Dyal, an artist employed in the office of the Agent-General at Indore.

THE FIRE AT THE INDIA MUSEUM

ON Friday morning, last week, Londoners were startled by the report that the Inventions Exhibition at South Kensington was in flames. Fortunately, this proved to be only partially true, as the fire was almost wholly confined to the adjoining India Museum, though it must be admitted that the Exhibition itself escaped but narrowly. The fire appears to have originated in the store-room of the India Museum, which backs the Duval Dining-Room kitchen of the Exhibition, and was first noticed at half-past eleven. A detachment of the South Kensington Museum Fire Brigade of Royal Engineers was quickly on the spot, and Mr. Purdon Clark, the Keeper of the Museum, and his staff immediately set to work to remove the most valuable exhibits. The roof being dry, the flames spread rapidly, but the Metropolitan Fire Brigade engines speedily arrived, and got to work under the direction of Captain Shaw and Mr. Simmonds. Their attention was mainly turned to preventing the spread of the fire to the Exhibition, as the flames were bursting through one of the pictures in the Entrance Hall, which was only separated from the Museum by a partition. The roof of the Jury Room was also ignited, but the labours of the firemen eventually began to tell, and by three o'clock the fire was got under, and all anxiety of further damage was at an end. In the Exhibition itself the greatest possible excitement prevailed. Jewellers packed up their valuables, and other exhibitors prepared to remove their portable goods in the event of any serious spread of the fire. The officials, however, deserve great credit for completely keeping their presence of mind, particularly as, in addition to combatting the actual danger, they were in no small degree pestered for information by the crowds of curious visitors who thronged round the police cordon. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Sutherland hastened to the Exhibition on the first news of the outbreak, and remained till all danger was past. The Museum was rendered roofless, but considerably less damage was done to the exhibits than could have been anticipated. Most of the portable exhibits were removed, but those remaining were seriously injured—some of those which suffered most belonging to Dr. Leitner's collection, one of whose cases is shown in one of our sketches. The damage to the Exhibition was wholly confined to the Jury Offices and two of the panels or bays of the main entrance.

THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE

THURSDAY last, June 18th, was the seventieth anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, and as a memento of this occasion we publish the portrait of the Right Hon. George Thomas Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, who served in that battle as an ensign in the 14th Regiment of Foot, though at the time barely sixteen years of age. He is now the sole survivor of the veterans who on the 18th of June were wont to gather round the table of the Iron Duke and drink in solemn silence to the memory of those comrades who lost their lives in that glorious victory. Ensign Keppel escaped unscathed from the battle, and a few months later entered Paris shoeless and in rags. In 1821 he became Aide-de-Camp to the Marquis of Hastings—then Governor-General of India, and in 1825, after making a tour through Arabia, Persia, and Russia, occupied the same position with Lord Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Shortly after the Queen's Accession he was appointed Groom-in-Waiting, and in 1832-5, and again in 1847-50, sat in Parliament—acting for a short time as Private Secretary to Lord John Russell. On the death of his elder brother he succeeded to the Earldom of Albemarle. The Earl has been an able and prolific author, and one of his most interesting works is "Fifty Years of My Life" (Macmillan and Co., 1876). In this he writes how on June 18th, 1852, he was the Duke's guest at his last Waterloo banquet:—

"On the three preceding anniversaries of the battle, I had seated myself at the lower end of the room, as the junior officer present, and was about to do so again, when the Duke sent Lord Fitzroy Somerset to place me opposite himself. We dined that day off a superb China service given to the Duke by the King of Prussia, Frederick William III., each plate having special reference to some event in the great captain's life, beginning with Eton College and ending with Waterloo. His Grace, who appeared in excellent health and spirits, hoped that he should have the pleasure of seeing us there again the following year. On his right hand sat the Neapolitan Minister, Prince Castelcicala. Under the title of Count Ruffo he had served at Waterloo as a lieutenant in the Enniskillen Dragoons. In Siborne's list he appears among the killed, but there he sat that evening *in propria persona*. 'I will give you,' said his Grace, 'the health of an illustrious foreigner whom I had

the honour of having under my command at Waterloo, Prince Prince—' here he stopped. We all knew whom he meant, but did not dare to prompt him. At last Lord Sandys, who, as Lord Arthur Hill, had been his senior aide-de-camp in the action, called out, 'The Field Marshal gives the health of Prince Castelcicala.' 'Exactly so,' said the Duke, 'that's the name, Prince Castelcicala.' These are the last words I ever heard him utter.

"This was the Duke's last Waterloo banquet. We sat down to dinner eighty-four in number. Of these, General Sir Charles Yorke, Constable of the Tower of London, General Lord Rokely, Colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and I are the only survivors.

"In the November of that year I was present at the Duke's funeral."

Both of these officers have since died, so that the Earl is now the sole survivor of the Duke's veteran guests. The only official commemoration of the great battle now observed is the crowning with laurel of the colours of the regiments which fought at Mont St. Jean.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. John Edwards, 1, Park Side, Hyde Park Corner.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES

THE late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, the father of the Duchess of Connaught, and one of the great military chieftains who have mainly contributed to the consolidation of the German Empire, was the eldest son of Prince Charles, the second brother of the Emperor William, and was born in 1828. From his earliest youth he devoted himself to the military profession, and speedily gained the reputation of being one of the bravest and most skilful Generals in the German Army. At the age of nineteen he received a medal for saving life at the risk of his own. In 1848 he took part in the Schleswig campaign, and from that time his promotion was rapid, being appointed to the command of the Third Army Corps in 1860. His first great military renown, however, was gained in the war with Denmark in 1864, and two years later, when war broke out with Austria, he was placed at the head of the First Army, and, entering Bohemia through Saxony, took the Austrian General Benedek completely by surprise, as the latter had reckoned on being allowed to assume the offensive. By a series of brilliant actions he drove the Austrians to Sadowa, and, finally effecting a junction with the Crown Prince, gained the decisive battle of Königgratz. In the Franco-Prussian war he commanded the Second German Army, and after defeating General Froissart early in the campaign, drove Marshal Bazaine back into Metz, which he besieged for seventy days, at the end of which time the Marshal and 150,000 men surrendered to him. He then transferred his operations to the Loire, acting against General Aurelles de Paladines, capturing Orleans, and compelling General Chanzy to retreat in a northerly direction; while, when Paris capitulated, he held his army ready to swoop down upon Southern France should the Bordeaux Assembly prove obdurate and decline to make peace. The Prince was in every way essentially devoted to his profession. Known by the *sobriquet* of the "Red Prince," owing to the red colour of the Hussar uniform he was wont to wear, he was beloved by the soldiers, though he had the reputation of being essentially stern, and even rough in his manner, and universal grief has been expressed at his comparatively early death. The Prince had travelled a good deal, and took the deepest interest in scientific matters—more particularly those bearing in any way upon military affairs. In 1851, he was generally credited with the authorship of a pamphlet, "How to Invade France," which attracted such universal attention that the Prussian Government thought fit to deny the fact that the Prince was the author. The Prince, though a martinet in many things, has worked strenuously throughout his career to make the Prussian military system more elastic, giving greater freedom to the officers, and relying more upon moral means than upon rule and method in dealing with his men. Indeed, the unexpected suppleness and dash displayed by the Prussians in 1866 were in a great measure the consequence of this reform. The Prince's death was terribly sudden. He had only recently returned from Marienberg in good health, and had gone with the Princess for the summer to his castle at Glienike, near Potsdam. On Sunday morning, on attempting to rise he was struck with an apoplectic fit, which paralysed his right side. The doctors pronounced his case hopeless, and though he rallied in the afternoon, he died at ten o'clock on Monday morning. In 1854, the Prince married the Princess Marie Anne, daughter of the late Leopold Frederick, the reigning Duke of Anhalt. He leaves four children. Prince Frederick Leopold, the Princess Marie, widow of the late Prince Henry of the Netherlands, and now married to the Prince of Saxe-Altenburg; the Princess Elizabeth, married to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Oldenburg; and the Princess Louise Margaret, married to the Duke of Connaught.

THE CENTRAL ASIAN CRISIS—BUYING TRANSPORT ANIMALS

WHEN the dispute with Russia respecting the Afghan Boundary reached its most acute stage, and military preparations were hastened on both in England and in India—particular attention was paid in the latter country to the purchase of transport animals. Our illustrations represent some of the humours of this proceeding, from sketches forwarded by Mr. F. Field, U.C.S., Punjab. He writes:—

"1. Very few persons know a camel and his good or bad points, and a very unfit-looking animal may sometimes turn out a weight-carrier.

"2. We proceed to put three men on him to try his capabilities.

"3. This particular specimen having pipped his three riders with a series of ungainly gambols, makes for his far-off home. On being brought back he is promptly purchased as a choice specimen.

"4. One comes across very fair specimens of the genus 'Tat' on these occasions. This pony being able to gallop with two fairly big boys on him will probably turn out a good bargain.

"5. If they are not carefully looked after it is quite possible that the wily native dealers might, after purchase, substitute an ancient quadruped for a fine mule for which you've just paid 20*l.*"

"A LEAP FOR LIFE"

A NOVELETTE in two parts, illustrated by F. Dadd, begins on page 637.

NOTES AT LYNNMOUTH AND LYNTON

See page 638.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

"*Pour encourager les Autres*"

JUST at the present season thousands of children who all the year round are mewed up in close and dusty by-streets and alleys are looking eagerly forward to that "Day in the Country," which for some twelve hours, thanks to the exertions of their school managers and missionary friends, will give them a glimpse of the outside world. To many of them this is their only opportunity of seeing a green field, or breathing the fresh country air, and of picking a wild flower, and could some of our readers see the intense enjoyment of the children in this their sole country outing of the year, their response to the appeals which we publish from time to time for the organisation of these excursions would be far heartier than it is now, while others would be "encouraged" to forward their mite.

Not, however, that money is every essential in carrying out a successful excursion. "The pleasures of a day in the country," writes our artist, "for the children who have looked forward to it for weeks past depends greatly on the efforts of those kind ladies and gentlemen who marshal the band and arrange the programme. Chief among these are those parochial Sisters of Charity who wear no distinguishing garb indeed, but who are the indefatigable lieutenants of a Vicar and Rector, whose motto is 'Sudabunt alii si dii volent.' Scarcely inferior to these in energy is the lithe and nervous Curate, who, bashful to the extreme in public, compels himself to open every game, be it cricket, skipping-rope, or rounders, 'pour encourager les autres.' He earns at least the loving admiration of the ladies, who see nothing but beauty in the lines of his contortions."

A JOURNEY TO MOUNT KILIMANJARO, II.

See page 633 *et seqq.*

"THE REAL SHELLEY."—In our review of this book last week we remarked that the author's estimate of the poet's character differed very considerably from that which he had given in his former work, "The Real Lord Byron." Mr. Jeaffreson writes to explain the apparent inconsistency. He says that his original view of Shelley was based on the biographies composed by Leigh Hunt, Trelawny, and W. M. Rossetti; but that, after a perusal of Hogg's "Life," the poet's letters, and other prose writings, he was constrained to adopt a more unfavourable opinion. These views he determined to set forth in a book, "The Real Shelley," in order that other persons might be preserved from being misled as he himself had been. It is due to Mr. Jeaffreson to add that he withdrew from the second edition of "The Real Lord Byron" the statements concerning Shelley which had appeared in the first.



LORD SALISBURY returned from Balmoral on Sunday. Monday he spent in consultation with former colleagues of the last Conservative Administration and other prominent members of his party, but Lord Randolph Churchill was conspicuous by his absence from Arlington Street, where the consultations were held. On Tuesday, however, Lord Randolph Churchill had an interview of some duration with Lord Salisbury, and then the principle on which the new Government was to be constructed seems to have been settled. It is embodied in the transfer of the leadership of the House of Commons and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach from Sir Stafford Northcote, who is to be made a Peer, with some office of more dignity than importance, and in the appointment of Lord Randolph Churchill to the Secretaryship of State for India. Lord Salisbury, it is understood, will combine with the Premiership the direction of Foreign Affairs. Sir Richard Cross returns to the Home Office; Mr. W. H. Smith goes to the War Office; Lord George Hamilton becomes First Lord of the Admiralty; and Sir Hardinge Giffard is to be the new Lord Chancellor.

THIS IS THE DISTRIBUTION of principal offices of State which is understood to have been made, and after conference with the other Conservative leaders on Wednesday, to have been communicated on that day by Lord Salisbury to Her Majesty at Windsor. We write while it is still unknown whether Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington will guarantee Lord Salisbury and his colleagues a quiet life in office until the General Election, provided of course the new Administration is content to act virtually as what Mr. Chamberlain has sarcastically called it, "a stop-gap Government." Mr. Chamberlain's speech at West Islington on Wednesday does not augur favourably for the attitude of the Radical Party towards a Conservative administration in a minority. His announcement that it would receive "fair play" was made in a tone and accompanied by taunts which gave the promise the semblance of irony. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington may make pledges for themselves, but whether they can pledge their colleagues and their party is quite a different matter.

SINCE LORD SALISBURY was summoned last week to Balmoral, three members of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet have liberated their minds in extra-Parliamentary speeches besides that just referred to at Islington—Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain at the banquet of the Cobden Club on Saturday, and Sir William Harcourt at a meeting on Tuesday of the London and Counties Liberal Union, presided over by Mr. John Morley. Sir Charles Dilke adverted, but without asperity, to differences of opinion in the Conservative ranks on what he considered to be vital points, as dangerous to the stability of a Conservative Government. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, spoke of the Conservative party as "divesting itself of a whole wardrobe of pledges and professions, stripping off every rag of consistency, and standing up naked and not ashamed, in order that it might squeeze itself into office." Sir William Harcourt said much the same thing, but in language less offensive, and amused his hearers by quotations from some of Lord Randolph's more inconsiderate speeches. Practically, the most important passages in Sir William Harcourt's clever and bitter speech were those in which he denied emphatically the truth of the reports that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues had courted defeat, and that Mr. Gladstone himself intended to abandon the leadership of the Liberal party. "The Tories seem to think that they are going to get rid of him; but they reckon without their host. Do they think that Nelson is going to haul down his flag just on the eve of Trafalgar?" Mr. Gladstone's refusal to accept the earldom offered to him by Her Majesty so far confirms Sir William Harcourt's surmise.

THOUGH MR. GLADSTONE has declined an earldom for himself, rumour names his son, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, as the probable recipient of a peerage. A dukedom is also spoken of as awaiting the Marquis of Ripon; and among other Liberals whose approaching elevation to the Upper House is reported, are Sir Henry James, Sir John Ramsden, and Mr. Samuel Morley.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, it is announced, thinks of relaxing his attendance in the House of Commons during the remainder of the Session, and of making a tour in Scotland and Ireland to promote an agitation on the question of local government.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH have thought it desirable to assure the Church of England Temperance Society, the former, that the friends of Temperance need not apprehend from a Conservative Government any legislation prejudicial to that cause, and the latter, that he gladly recognises the existence of a very large number of Conservatives in the ranks of the Temperance party.

ON MONDAY, in the presence of a great concourse of onlookers, Mrs. Gladstone officiated at the naming and successful launching at Blackwall of H.M.S. twin-screw armour-plated battle-ship *Benbow*. At the subsequent luncheon given by its builders, the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company, Lord Northbrook said that

the *Benbow*, with its more than 10,000 tons, was in itself larger than the whole British Navy in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

TO-DAY (SATURDAY) there will be given a rehearsal of the main features of the Sixth Annual Military Tournament, which is to be held for the benefit of the Military Charities at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and which will be opened to the public on the 22nd inst.

A NEW COFFEE TAVERN at Leicester, the twelfth established in that town in less than eight years, was opened this week by Lady John Manners, who has for some time past shown a great interest in the social improvement of the masses, and who in the course of her address said that the Leicester coffee taverns were the best that she had seen, the only one which could compare with them being that opened by Lord Salisbury at Hatfield.

SINCE THE FIRE AT THE INVENTIONS last week there has been a very strong feeling that the National Portrait Gallery, now housed in what has been rightly called a tinder-box, should be placed in a building of a kind much better secured than the present one from the risks of conflagration. The cost of taking proper measures to avert the destruction so recently threatened of this truly national as well as priceless and unique collection surely ought not to be counted by the Government of a country which recently saw the sum of 70,000*l.* expended on the purchase of a single Raphael for the National Gallery.

AT THE ANNUAL DINNER of that excellent institution, the Printers' Pension Corporation, the Lord Mayor in the chair, subscriptions amounting to 1,018*l.* were announced.

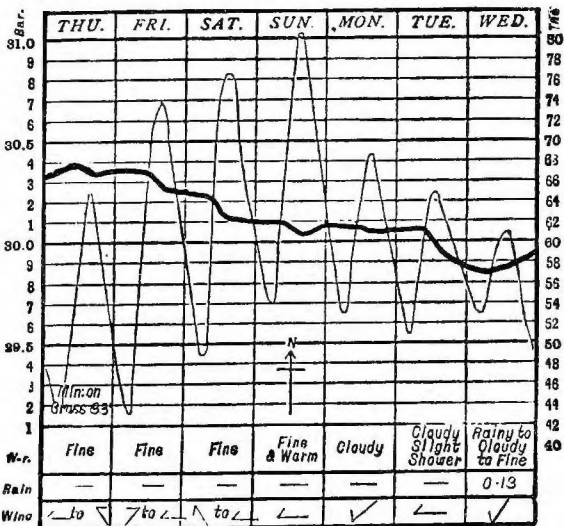
A PARLIAMENTARY PAPER just issued gives the melancholy statistics of deaths in the metropolis last year from starvation, or accelerated by privation. There were thirty-seven of them on which coroners' inquests were held, and twenty-six of these were in the Eastern Division of Middlesex.

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, between five and six o'clock, another destructive fire broke out in the establishment of Mr. Whitely in Westbourne Grove. A number of engines and firemen were soon on the scene, and by nine o'clock the fire was subdued, but not until four shops had been entirely gutted, and their contents, which were not insured, destroyed. Mr. Whitely himself is reported to estimate his loss at more than 100,000*l.*

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his seventy-third year, of Admiral J. L. Stokes, who entered the Navy as a first-class volunteer more than sixty years since; in his seventy-sixth year, of General T. T. Conway, who served in the campaigns in Scinde and the Southern Mahratta Country; in his forty-ninth year, of Colonel Byron, whose father, the late Rev. J. Byron, was a cousin of the poet Byron, and who served in the Indian Campaign of 1857-8, in the Afghan War from 1878 to 1880, afterwards in New Zealand, and with the Natal Field Force in the Boer War; of the Rev. F. Rouch, Vicar of Littlebourne, Kent, and a Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, who, born before the commencement of this century, was one of the oldest beneficed clergymen of the Church of England; in his sixty-first year, of the Rev. Augustus Sutton, Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral; in his eighty-fifth year, of the Rev. D. Williams, for half a century Rector of Alton Barnes, near Pewsey, and editor of "Home Prayers Selected from Our Liturgy;" in his eighty-third year, of the Rev. W. W. Malet, Hon. Secretary to the Tithe Redemption Trust, and one of the Chaplains of the Order of St. John's, author of several works, among them "The Olive Branch," a pilgrimage to Jerusalem for the reunion of Christendom; in his fifty-third year, of Professor Fleeming Jenkin, F.R.S., who filled the Chair of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh, having previously occupied the same position in University College, London. Among his valuable contributions to scientific literature was his "Magnetism and Electricity," which has gone through several editions, and been translated into German and Italian. His criticism on "The Origin of Species" in the *North British Review* led Mr. Darwin to modify some of his opinions. Professor Jenkin was a zealous promoter of sanitary reform. During his later years he was working out a system of electrical transport which he termed "telpherage."

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has been dull and slightly showery at many of the Irish and Scotch stations, and while fine and warm weather prevailed at first, elsewhere less settled conditions, with a decided decrease in temperature, were subsequently experienced generally. During the first part of the period a large anticyclone, in which readings reached 30.4 in., lay over the greater part of our island and Germany, while some depressions were moving in an easterly direction in the far north. Moderate to light south-easterly or southerly breezes with dull weather and a little warm rain were experienced in the west and north, but elsewhere variability and fine, warm weather prevailed. This high pressure area broke up in the course of Saturday (13th inst.), but during Sunday and Monday (14th and 15th inst.) the eastern portion of a fresh anticyclone extended over our islands. Westerly breezes with rather cloudy weather were experienced in the west and north-west, while cold northerly and north-easterly breezes with an overcast sky spread over England. Thunderstorms occurred on the French side of the Channel about this time. At the close of the week pressure fell generally, and large but shallow areas of low readings lay over Scotland and the north of France. Easterly and north-easterly winds prevailed over England, and south-easterly breezes on our north-western coasts. Changeable weather was felt in most places, and rain fell during Tuesday night (16th inst.) at nearly all the English stations. The highest temperatures of the week over England were 82° at Southampton and in London on Sunday (14th inst.), and 82° at Bawtry and 84° at Marlborough on Friday (12th inst.); over Ireland they were 72° at Dublin and Donaghadee on Friday (12th inst.), and over Scotland 77° at Aberdeen on Friday (12th inst.). The barometer was highest (30.40 inches) on Thursday (11th inst.); lowest (29.84 inches) on Wednesday (17th inst.); range, 0.56 inches. Temperature was highest (82°) on Sunday (14th inst.); lowest (43°) on Thursday and Friday (11th and 12th inst.); range, 38°. Rain fell on one day only (Wednesday), to the amount of 0.13 inches.



GOETHE'S AUTOGRAPH DIARY, extending from 1777 to 1832, the year of his death, is said to have been discovered among the papers of his last descendant, lately deceased.

A REVIEW OF THE REVISED VERSION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, in the New York *Sun*, recently bore rather an unfortunate title. A printer's error had converted "The Revised Bible" into "The Ruined Bible."

THE PARIS SALON remains open later than usual this year—until June 30. The Fine Art authorities have been choosing the various purchases for the State, and have awarded the Prix du Salon to a sculptor, M. Horace Dailion, instead of to a painter, as last year.

ORCHID CULTIVATION, which was recently quite the rage in the United States, has suddenly gone out of fashion. Plants formerly worth 100*l.* apiece can now be bought for from 1*l.* to 10*l.* The English fancy for these curious blossoms at present seems hardly likely to fade so suddenly.

BIG BEAR, the Indian rebel chief, who has given General Middleton and the Government troops so much trouble in the North-West Provinces, is "a rather gentlemanly person, with a weakness for tea, laced, as he terms it, with a thimbleful of whisky. The thimble of Mrs. Big Bear, a very superior person, is the measure of the chief's potations." So says the *American Register*.

RUSSIANS IN INDIA are remarkably numerous just now, so says the *Indian Daily News*. Many are men of good social standing, who profess to be sportsmen or travellers, bring letters of introduction to high Indian officials, and eagerly study Hindustani manuals. All these men gravitate to Central India and Rajputana. Others are of inferior grade, and seem too old to be students, while some again are women. Russian is openly taught in Calcutta, and there is a respectable demand for Russian primers and grammars.

VICTOR HUGO'S MANUSCRIPTS have been left in a most chaotic condition, and will give his friends plenty of trouble to get them into shape. The poet was accustomed to jot down any sudden inspiration on a scrap of paper, and throw it into a portfolio devoted to that class of subject. These portfolios are scattered in all corners. Thus one huge packet is labelled "Ocean," and contains a confused mass of ideas relating to the sea. Another, "A Heap of Stones," is filled with longer pieces—beginnings of various sketches, plots of novels, skeletons of dramas, raw material for poems, and the like.

THE NOW FAMOUS PENJDEH is inhabited by some 7,500 families of Sariks, who are not subject to any great head chief, but are mostly ruled by various influential headmen. A good many Jews live amongst them, and are the principal shopkeepers, while they have no other slaves than a few captured years ago as children and women, now settling down as wives. The Sariks, the Calcutta *Englishman* tells us, are most prosperous, and possess over half a million of sheep and 20,000 camels. Their khibitkas are very comfortable, and are hung with rich carpets, this manufacture being their chief industry. The women go about freely, unveiled, and the children—very English looking—are full of spirits. One of the officers of the Mission used frequently to scatter small coin among the children, for which they scrambled in true English form, while the elders looked on and enjoyed the fun. The dogs belonging to the Mission—especially the bulldogs or fox terriers—excited roars of laughter among the natives, as they formed such a contrast to the gigantic long-haired beasts belonging to the Sariks.

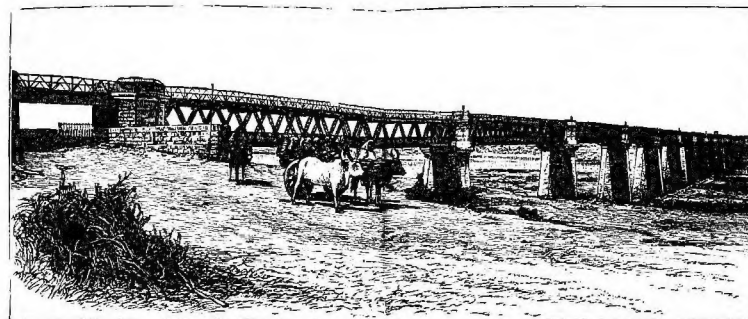
THE NATIONAL GALLERY acquired four pictures at the Beckett-Denison sale last week, all originally from Hamilton Palace. The most important are the Rubens grisaille design of "Acis and Galatea," bought for 640*l.* and Marcello Venusti's "Christ Driving the Money-changers from the Temple," from Michael Angelo's design, and which is the first example of this painter in the national collection. Originally this work came from the Borghese Gallery, Rome, whence it passed to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and has now been acquired for 966*l.*—462*l.* less than the price paid at the Hamilton sale. Indeed, all the prices at this sale fell much below those of three years since, and even the Rubens' "Daniel," sold then for 5,150*l.*, now only fetched 2,100*l.*—given by the Duke of Hamilton to regain his former heirloom. To return to the National Gallery, the two other works bought were studies for altar-pieces by the late Venetian painter, Giovanni Tiepolo, "The Adoration of the Magi" and "The Supper at Emmaus," for 162*l.* 15*s.* At the same sale the South Kensington Museum bought the fine Gubbio dish from the Fontaine collection for 829*l.* 10*s.*, and the Solykoff iron chess-table, formerly belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, for 1,491*l.* This table is of Milanese work of 1540, and is splendidly damascened with gold, and inlaid with lapis lazuli slabs.

THE FIRE AT THE INDIA MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, last week destroyed two of the architectural courts and the whole of their contents—notably the valuable wood-carving brought from India two years ago, the caustic tile-work and specimens of Indian houses. Further, much of the fine sculpture from the Buddhist shrines is, it is feared, seriously damaged, being too weighty for removal. The rest of the collection, however, was saved, thanks to the energy and promptitude of the officials. Great damage was done among the collection for next year's Indian and Colonial Exhibition, of which, by the bye, the *Times of India* gives some interesting details. The Indian section of the Exhibition will occupy three long galleries, the central gallery, into which the grand entrance opens, being filled with the provincial collections, beginning with Burmah. A carved wooden or stone screen, designed to illustrate the architectural features of each province, will run down on either side, leaving a wide central promenade. Recesses in the screen will be filled with life-sized figures representing the various Indian races and the costumes of the upper classes. The silk manufacture will be extensively illustrated, and models of workpeople and of native ladies in silk dresses will be scattered about, while probably some native artisans may be brought over. The Prince of Wales's Pavilion is to be a double-storied structure of carved wood-work from the Punjab.

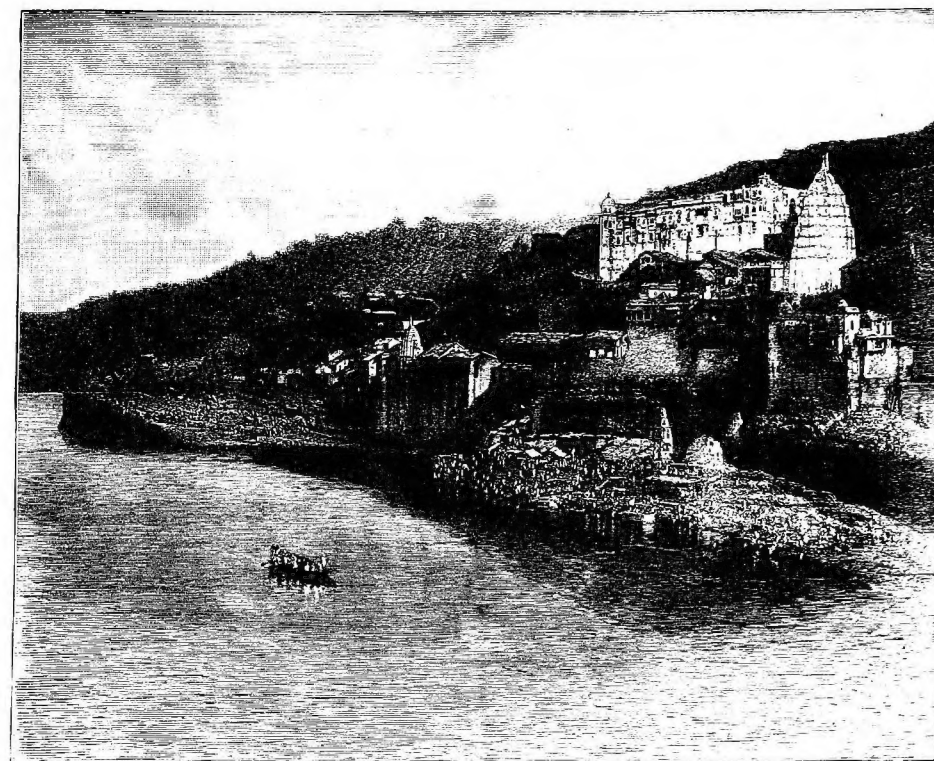
LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,315 deaths were registered, against 1,521 during the previous seven days, a fall of 206, being 184 below the average, and at the rate of 16.8 per 1,000, a lower rate than has prevailed in any week since last September. There were 23 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 11, and 3 below the average), 98 from measles (a decrease of 22), 12 from scarlet fever (an increase of 3), 17 from diphtheria (a rise of 2), 39 from whooping-cough (a fall of 7), 4 from enteric fever (a decline of 9), 1 from typhus fever, 3 from ill-defined forms of fever, 23 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 2 from cholera. The Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals contained 1,221 small-pox patients at the end of last week, the new admissions having risen to 204. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 231, and were 29 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths; 45 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 9 from drowning, and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,464 births registered, against 2,409 during the previous week, being 116 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 58.5 deg., and 0.2 deg. below the average. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 55.3 hours, against 59.4 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.



LEFT GHAT OF UNKARJEE



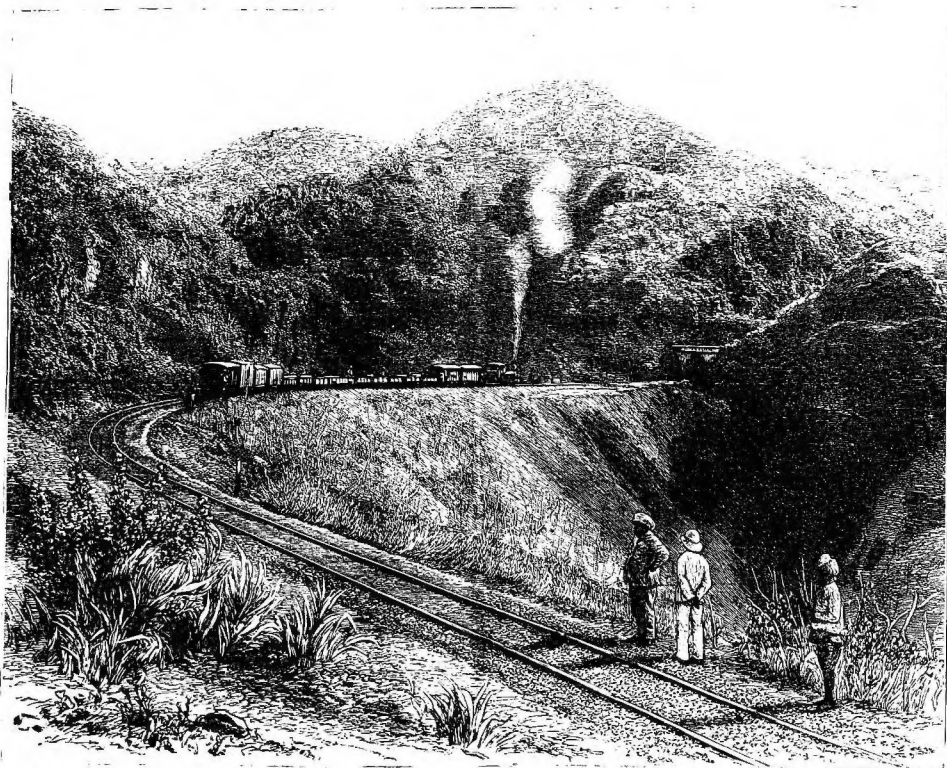
BRIDGE OVER THE NERBUDDA RIVER



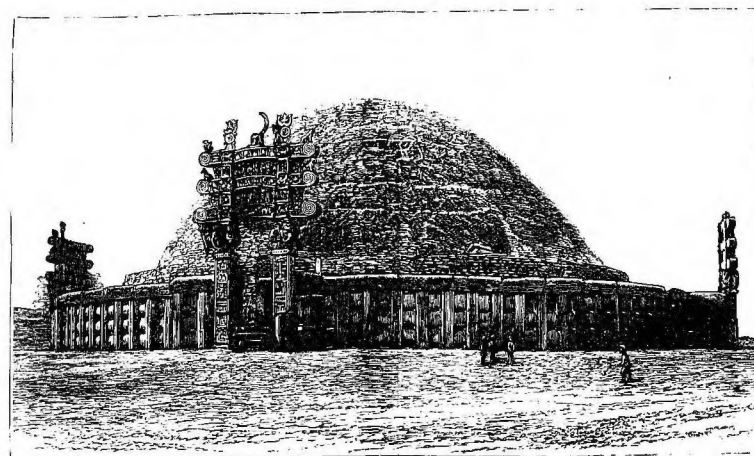
THE SACRED TEMPLE OF UNKARJEE MUNDATIA



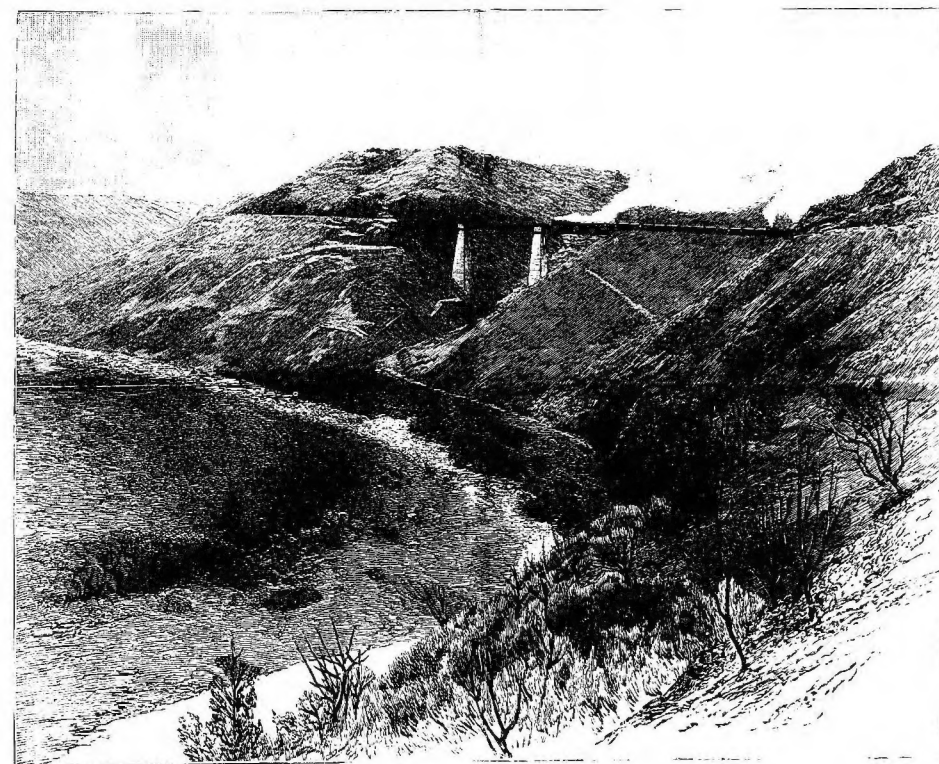
COLONY OF SACRED MONKEYS AT UNKARJEE



TUNNEL NO. 2



FAMOUS BUDDHIST TOPE NEAR BHOPAL. THE TERMINUS OF THE LINE



VIADUCT NO. 2, CHOWAL VALLEY

SCENES ON THE BHOPAL RAILWAY, CENTRAL INDIA
THE FIRST RAILWAY OF ANY IMPORTANCE WHICH HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED IN INDIA BY THE UNASSISTED RESOURCES OF A NATIVE STATE



CONTINENTAL attention continues mainly fixed on the Ministerial situation in England, and each European country is actively discussing how far the change of Government will affect her own interests. While RUSSIA and ITALY regret the Liberal defeat, and GREECE feels that she has lost a staunch friend in Mr. Gladstone, GERMANY, AUSTRIA, and TURKEY equally exult at the prospect of Conservatives in power. FRANCE is somewhat divided in opinion. Having persistently abused the Gladstone Government of late, the French organs at first rejoiced at its fall, but are now beginning to doubt whether the new Ministry will be as easy to deal with as its predecessor. In particular, Lord Salisbury's accession to office is most hopefully regarded by Vienna and Berlin, the Austrians gratefully remembering his support in former years, and styling him in the *Fremdenblatt* "the man of the immediate future of England." The Berlin Press indeed fear that the Conservative Cabinet will be only temporary, hampered as it is by present difficulties, and that it must fall at the next election; but they anticipate much greater cordiality between the two countries now that their enemy, Mr. Gladstone, no longer holds the reins. As might be expected, however, the Russians are most anxious about the matter, and two distinct currents of feeling prevail. The military party see a fresh hope of regaining the ascendancy they had lost by the recent diplomatic successes, and the majority of the Press declare warmly that the negotiations ought not to be continued on the former basis, as a British Conservative Cabinet could not be trusted. They take, indeed, a pessimist view, and plainly urge prompt and decisive action in Central Asia, their real aims being pretty well summed up by the *Novosti's* assertion that "no arrangement can be safe and permanent which does not give the two countries a continuous frontier, and abolish all such fictions as neutral zones and buffers" in a disturbed country under "a mere casual ruler." Diplomatic circles hold calmer opinions, and a semi-official letter from St. Petersburg in the Vienna *Political Correspondence* states that Russia does not intend at present to alter her position in the negotiations, and that, after all, Mr. Gladstone's fall is no great loss to Russia, as his slowness and "tergiversation" were irritating and suspicious. In this letter, too, the "continuous frontier" is strongly advised.

Meanwhile, in AFGHANISTAN itself British, Russians, and natives display great anxiety at the hindrance to the negotiations, the Afghans considering that the delay confirms their rooted conviction that peace is impossible. The British Mission—encamped near Herat—utilise their leisure in making friends with the natives, who are very cordial, but it is feared that the actual demarcation of frontier cannot begin before September, as heat and drought will prevent work in August. Russian troops still remain near Kizil-Tepe—indeed, it is estimated that there are nearly 10,000 on the Afghan border between the Heri Rud and Murghab. Thus, over the frontier in INDIA, officials and natives alike urge the importance of securing the country against foreign aggression, the Governor of Bombay speaking strongly to this effect when opening the Poona Legislative Council. Besides the Afghan crisis, Northern India is much troubled by the severe earthquakes in Cashmere. In one district alone 2,281 persons have perished, while towns are ruined and crops and live stock utterly destroyed.

The retirement of the British troops goes on rapidly in EGYPT, and the garrisons are being settled in the extreme outposts, while loaded transports are daily shipped off to England. Dongola is completely evacuated, and the only sign of life from the Mahdi is a letter dated from Omdurman threatening to destroy the British unless they join him, and become Mahomedans. He declines to give up the Christian prisoners, who, he asserts, have embraced Islam, and are unwilling to leave him, this dubious assertion being reiterated by the prisoners themselves in another letter signed by 96 captives, including Lupton Bey. The Roman Catholic captive missionaries, however, tell another tale, according to a communication to a high Italian priest. One of the Shagiyeh tribe has come to Cairo from Khartoum, and declares that the city fell through famine, not treachery. The block in the Suez Canal by a sunken dredger has caused much inconvenience, dynamite having failed to completely remove the obstruction.

External relations chiefly engross FRANCE, for home politics already show signs of summer dullness. Thus the arrangements with China progress satisfactorily, as the Chinese Emperor has approved the Peace Treaty—of which the full text has now arrived in Paris—while the Celestial Government are further anxious to establish a representative in Paris and to obtain French aid for public works in China. These satisfactory prospects have been saddened, however, by the death of Admiral Courbet, in command of the French Squadron in Chinese waters, who has died at his post. It was the deceased Admiral who concluded the Hué Treaty and shelled the Min River Forts, and he had long asked to be relieved owing to failing health. Having disregarded this request, the French Government now wish to pay Admiral Courbet every honour, and his body is to be brought home in his flagship, the *Bayard*, and accorded a State funeral. A lively wrangle took place in the Chamber over this funeral question, but general regret has been expressed for the gallant officer, and the House adjourned in respect to his memory. In other foreign affairs, M. de Freycinet has reassured Parliament respecting German intentions on Zanzibar, which he declared to be entirely pacific, and speaking of the recent deduction from the Egyptian coupons, he acknowledged that France considered it illegal. The Suez Canal Committee has separated without any definitive result, chiefly through the British opposition to an international surveillance of the canal. A Draft Treaty has, nevertheless, been drawn up, and it is considered that the meeting has done good by agreeing in principle to the freedom and neutrality of the Canal.

PARIS has been very gay owing to the Grand Prix, run on Sunday in splendid weather, and witnessed by an enormous crowd. On patriotic grounds, the Parisians were disappointed at the victory of the English horse, Paradox, but the result had been a foregone conclusion, and only a few young men showed spite to some injudicious British who triumphantly raised the Union Jack. Another festival was the Flower *Fête* organised for charitable purposes in the Bois on Saturday and Sunday by the Press, while the Parisians have been greatly interested in the trial of a Montreuil watchmaker, Pel, for a series of poisonings. Pel has been condemned to death, though the sentence is hardly likely to be carried out, thanks to President Grévy's tender conscience. M. Reyer's opera of *Sigurd*, produced in London last summer, has been brought out at the Opera with great success, and a memorial performance of Victor Hugo's works has been given at the Français. There has been a disaster at Thiers, in the Department of Puy de Dôme, where the staircase of the court-house gave way, killing over twenty people, and injuring more than 160.

GERMANY is mourning two of her great modern military leaders. Prince Frederick Charles died suddenly on Monday morning, from a stroke of paralysis, at his country house of Glienicke, where he spent most of his leisure in rural pursuits. His unexpected death at

the age of fifty-seven has greatly shocked his uncle, the Emperor, who issued an army order expressing his grief, and delayed his departure for Ems to be present at the funeral at Potsdam on Thursday. After a grand funeral service in the Garrison Church before the Court and a crowd of officers and deputations, the Prince was to be laid with his father and mother in the Nikolsky Chapel, near Glienicke. Condolences have poured in from abroad, and all Berlin and the German army have been in mourning. The Prince leaves a widow, one son, and three daughters, the youngest being the Duchess of Connaught. His comrade-in-arms, Field-Marshal Manteuffel, followed the Prince to the grave two days later, dying at Karlsbad at the age of seventy-six. Of late years Manteuffel has been Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, and this second loss weighs heavily upon the Emperor.—The excitement over the Zanzibar difficulty has abruptly subsided, as the reports of the Sultan's troops invading German territory have proved to be much exaggerated. No retaliatory expedition will therefore be sent out, and the *North German Gazette* emphatically denies that the relations with England have been at all disturbed by the incident. Colonial enterprise is none the less active, and the Berlin Colonial Society intend at once to establish stations on the Upper Benue, north of the Rio del Rey, the territory south of the river being British.

SPAIN is grievously alarmed at the increase of the cholera, which seems to be assuming serious proportions. There have been a good many deaths in Madrid, the authorities have officially acknowledged the prevalence of cholera, thus increasing the general fright, and the citizens are rushing off to the country in a perfect panic. Indeed it is asserted that 12,000 persons left Madrid in a week. Panic too prevails in Murcia—the most affected point—where so many people have left the city that most of the shops and counting-houses are closed. The disease is apparently severe in the surrounding Murcian villages and also in the provinces of Castellon and Valencia, while cases are now reported at Teruel, Alicante, and Cartagena. Quarantine and sanitary precautions are rife all over the country, and the authorities vigorously disinfect the affected districts, and burn sulphur bonfires in the most populous quarters of Madrid. Dr. Ferran's cholera inoculation experiments attract increasing attention, and a French Government Mission is going to Valencia to study his system.

AUSTRIA has been publicly congratulating herself on her successful management of her formerly troublesome children, Bosnia and the Herzegovina. At the opening of a new railway from Mostar, the Finance Minister glowingly depicted the prosperity and content of the two provinces, whilst strongly condemning any further advance in the district. The elections finally result in a Ministerial majority of fifty, without reckoning fifty Neutrals who would support the Government on great issues. One Jew sits in the new Hungarian House of Lords. Viennese workers of all grades have enjoyed their first strict Sunday rest, and the public did not seem to greatly miss their Monday morning's papers. The new labour law, however, fixing the working day at eleven hours has caused serious riots at Briinn, masters and men being unable to agree as to the interpretation of the law.

IN CANADA Big Bear still baffles pursuit. By abandoning his baggage and provisions, and splitting up his band into small parties, he managed to escape from General Middleton across a most difficult ravine seventy miles away from Fort Pitt, into a country quite impracticable for ordinary troops. General Middleton was obliged to return to Fort Pitt, where he left the heavy portion of his forces, and started off again with his cavalry for Beaver River hoping to intercept the chief. General Strange is already operating in the same direction, and now Colonel Irvine has gone towards Green Lake on a similar errand. Unfortunately 350 hill Indians have started on the war-path to join Big Bear, so Fort Qu'Appelle has sent a detachment after these fresh rebels. Meanwhile the Dominion Parliament has voted funds for branch lines to Battleford, Prince Albert, and other tactical points in the North-West. The House has also passed the Franchise Bill, which among its clauses gives a vote to Indians on the tribal reserve owning personal property to the amount of 150 dollars. The fishery negotiations with the United States promise favourably, and it is likely that the Reciprocity Treaty may be revived after a Joint Commission has studied the subject.

Nor can the UNITED STATES effectually master the Apache rising in Arizona; for, though most of the Indians have been driven into Mexico, isolated parties murder the settlers, and even captured a cavalry camp, killing the guard. The important iron strike has been compromised at Pittsburg, but the strike continues in other districts. General Grant has now great difficulty in speaking, and has gone to the Adirondacks to try to gather strength and escape the New York heat. Now that he has finished his book, he says he is content to die. Severe tornadoes have done much damage in the North-Western States, and two serious railway accidents have occurred. Thus a cyclone wrecked a passenger train near Sioux City, Iowa; and a new river tunnel near Chattanooga, on the Cincinnati South Railway, fell in and crushed a passing train, with some loss of life.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, Clericals and Liberals have again come to blows in ITALY, this time during a Church procession in Genoa, where cries of "Long live the Pope-King" caused a riot and much stone-throwing. Several people were badly hurt. The Sanitary Conference has adjourned till November to allow the respective Governments to consider the proposals framed by the Technical Commission.—RUSSIA is expecting an Abyssinian Embassy this summer, and is in difficulties with her Armenian subjects, who complain that their national characteristics are being crushed like the Poles, and are organising Native Rights Societies. A terrible fire, supposed to be incendiary, has destroyed nearly the whole town of Grodno, near the Russian frontier.—Monetary troubles again agitate TURKEY, whose troops clamour for their arrears of pay.—IN CENTRAL AMERICA there has been a bad riot near Panama, where a number of Caucasians—nondescript policemen—sent to Emperor to keep order, quarrelled with the canal policemen, and in revenge sacked a canal-labourers' camp, massacring and wounding over fifty of the inmates. Martial law has been proclaimed in Panama.—In the TRANSVAAL it turns out that the resolution proscribing loyalist Boers was passed only by the Executive Council, and has since been rescinded by the Volksraad.



THE QUEEN has returned to Windsor, Her Majesty's stay in Scotland being shortened by the Ministerial crisis. At the close of last week Lord Salisbury had been summoned to Balmoral, and the Queen decided to come south, giving Lord Salisbury a farewell audience before he left the Castle on Saturday. In the evening the Rev. Dr. Lees dined with Her Majesty, who, later, received Captain Heathcote and Lieutenants Porter and Blackburn of the detachment of Scottish Rifles acting as Royal guard at Ballater. The Queen and Princesses Beatrice and Leiningen attended Divine Service next morning at Balmoral, Dr. Lees officiating, while in the evening the

Hon. Rosa Hood and Dr. Lees joined the Royal party at dinner. On Tuesday afternoon Her Majesty left Balmoral with Princess Beatrice, Princess Leiningen, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught's children, and travelled direct from Ballater to Windsor, where the Royal party arrived to breakfast on Wednesday morning; stopping at Perth for dinner and at Carlisle for tea on the road. In the afternoon Lord Salisbury had a long audience of Her Majesty. The Royal party will go to Osborne about July 16th, to prepare for Princess Beatrice's wedding, which takes place at Whippingham Church on July 24th. Another forthcoming wedding gift for the Princess is a fan of Cappelou lace, with mother-of-pearl mounts, to be presented by the ladies of county Waterford.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are spending Ascot week at Easthampstead Park, Brackwell, lent by the Marchioness of Downshire. Before leaving town the Princess and her daughters on Saturday went to Mr. Charles Hall's afternoon concert, while in the evening the Prince of Wales and Prince George were present at the Trinity House banquet, where the Duke of Edinburgh presided as Master. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and family attended the afternoon Service at the Foundling Hospital, and, later, went to Charing Cross Station to welcome home the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Next morning the Prince visited the Duke and Duchess at Buckingham Palace, and the band of the Royal Irish Constabulary played at Marlborough House. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess and their daughters went to St. Ann's Heath, Virginia Water, to open the Holloway Sanatorium for the mentally afflicted of the middle classes, and, after inspecting the buildings and taking tea, they drove to Easthampstead Park, where they are entertaining a number of guests, including the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. On Tuesday the Royal party attended Ascot races in State, while on Wednesday and Thursday the Prince and his guests were present informally. The State procession on Thursday was abandoned, owing to Prince Frederick Charles' funeral taking place on that day. Last (Friday) night the Prince and Princess were to give a small dance, and to-day, if fine, there will be the annual picnic at Virginia Water, while the Prince will also witness the Zingari cricket match at Windsor Barracks.—Prince Albert Victor leaves Cambridge at the end of this term, and has been gazetted to the 10th Hussars. On July 1st he visits Sheffield, and will inaugurate an Industrial Hardware Exhibition; while on the 2nd he will open the new promenade and gardens at Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire, staying with Lord Yarborough at Brocklesby.

The Duke of Edinburgh on Sunday morning inspected the Corps of Commissionaires at Wellington Barracks. The Duchess, on Saturday afternoon, went to the Gaiety Theatre, and on Monday the Duke and Duchess visited Prince and Princess Christian before joining the Prince and Princess of Wales at Easthampstead Park. Prince Christian has returned home from Germany, and with the Princess has entertained a large party this week at Cumberland Lodge for the races.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught reached Marseilles in the *Sutlej* on Saturday morning, and came direct home *via* France, crossing in the special steamer *Samphire* to Dover. They were most warmly greeted at Dover; while, on arriving in London on Sunday evening, most of the Royal Family were waiting to meet them at Charing Cross. The Duchess's return, however, was terribly saddened by the death of her father, Prince Frederick Charles, on the following morning, and on Tuesday night the Duke and Duchess left England for Potsdam to attend the funeral.—The wedding of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden and Princess Hilda of Nassau is fixed for September 20 at the Castle of Hohenburg, Upper Bavaria.



In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Gladstone was able to announce having received "authentic information" that Lord Salisbury had undertaken to form a Ministry. This was all very well as far as it went. But before the evening closed, it was made clear that though Lord Salisbury and the titular Leaders of the Party might propose, it is Lord Randolph Churchill who disposes. The House of Commons had, at half-past four, no inkling of this fact, though a close personal acquaintance makes it possible for them to believe anything in this direction. In the House of Lords even a fuller condition of security reigned. Lord Salisbury having undertaken to form a Ministry, it was accepted as a matter beyond controversy that he would succeed. Therefore, to save time, Lord Cranbrook undertook the Leadership of the House, the noble marquis being too busy Cabinet-making to come down. Earl Granville resigned the reins with a grace and ease peculiar to himself. If Lord Cranbrook, or any one else, hankered after the toil and responsibility of Leader of the House of Lords, it was not for Earl Granville to dispute with him. So the Earl was quietly and unresistingly effaced, and the Viscount moved the formal resolution that the House, on its rising, adjourn till Friday. In the Commons the late Ministry not only occupied their position on the Treasury Bench, but Mr. Gladstone remained in undisputed leadership of the House. In this capacity, and whilst submitting the motion for the adjournment, he suggested that the Lords' Amendment to the Seats Bill should forthwith be considered, so that it might receive the Royal Assent on Friday. He also suggested that the Princess Beatrice Annuity Bill should be read a third time. To these proposals Sir Stafford Northcote, presuming to speak as Leader of the Conservative Party, offered no opposition, and it seemed as if matters would be wound up in the course of a quarter of an hour, and that the adjournment would follow.

The House was not permitted long to remain in this condition of placid expectancy. As soon as the motion to consider the Lords' Amendment to the Seats Bill was formally before the House, Sir Henry Wolff rose and moved the adjournment of the debate. With an air of native seriousness, he argued that it was against all precedent for the House of Commons, being without responsible Leaders or responsible Opposition, should deal with such important business as lay before them. The Lords had introduced into the Seats Bill a clause providing for the acceleration of the Registration Acts, which they had decreed should come into operation the first week in November. In order to do this, they had also provided in case of need for additional revising barristers. That, this great constitutional authority pointed out, was a breach of the rule that precludes the House of Lords from initiating charges on the Consolidated Fund.

The House was much puzzled by this unexpected move, and the marvel increased as the farce proceeded. Sir Charles Dilke pointed out that the opposition raised from this quarter was directed not against Her Majesty's Government, but against the Marquis of Salisbury, at whose personal instance the Clause objected to had been inserted. This portentous fact made no difference to the light-hearted Party below the Gangway. On the contrary it seemed to add zest to their opposition to find that it was directed against the Leader of their own Party. Mr. Gost followed up the attack of Sir Henry Wolff, keeping closely to the lines upon which he had travelled. Sir Henry James dwelt upon the public inconvenience that would accrue from delay in passing the Bill; after which Lord Randolph Churchill appeared upon the scene, and the House, being now wide-awake to the drift and importance of the diversion, greeted his interposition

with cheers and laughter. Lord Randolph was as grave as Mr. Gorst, and as constitutional as Sir H. Wolff. He could not upon his conscience be a party to this wrong attempted to be done to the traditions of Parliament, and he added with a significant glance towards the Front Opposition Bench, where Sir Stafford Northcote sat with bowed head and folded arms, "I sincerely hope that the Leaders of what is called the Constitutional Party will not join in creating a dangerous precedent."

Hitherto there had been some doubt as to the precise meaning of this demonstration. It was whispered that Lord Randolph was determined, for Party purposes, to prevent the completion of the arrangements for taking the General Election in November. Others explained the interruption on the ground that Mr. Gladstone having expressed a desire that this great Reform scheme should be completed before he and his colleagues quitted the Treasury Bench, Lord Randolph had determined to baffle him, and carry over the last stage of the Bill till the Conservatives were in power, when, if at any time convenient, it might be said that it was they who enfranchised the two million electors. The occupants of the Treasury Bench were now fully alive to the seriousness of the situation, and an animated consultation took place between Mr. Gladstone, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Childers.

But these concluding sentences of Lord Randolph's remarks had put the House on another, and, as it proved, the right scent. The noble lord was not at the time thinking of the late Government. He had his eye upon the future one. It was evident that there had been some split in the counsels of the Conservatives, and that Lord Randolph, having failed to get his own way, was now determined to upset the arrangements of his respected Leaders. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach rising from the Front Opposition Bench, the interest of the scene reached its climax. It was naturally anticipated that Sir Michael was about to justify the authority of his friend, colleague, and leader, Sir Stafford Northcote. He would probably administer a severe rebuke for thus wantonly interposing to flout his respected leaders at a time when the Conservative party were in a most critical position. To the evidently pained surprise of the large majority of the House, Sir Michael deserted Sir Stafford, and openly went over to the rebel camp.

The scene was at this moment exceedingly animated. The Liberals jubilantly laughed and cheered at this evidence of Conservative disunion. Lord Randolph Churchill was openly triumphant; whilst Sir Stafford Northcote, hit in the face by the Member for Woodstock, and stabbed in the back by Sir M. H. Beach, hung his head down lower, and folded his arms closer about him. Everybody knew what this meant. Sir Stafford was losing. Lord Randolph Churchill's star was rising, and an important personage like Sir Michael Beach, taking a cool and critical survey of the position, had openly abandoned his friend, and attached himself to the fortunes of the rebel chief. When it came to a question of voting, Sir Michael hesitated for several minutes. When the Speaker called out "Ayes to the right, Noes to the left!" Sir Stafford Northcote, hastily rising, was one of the first to walk out into the "No" lobby, meeting midway down the stream Mr. Gladstone, who walked by his side for the rest of the journey. Emboldened by the conspicuous example of Sir Michael Beach, Mr. Raikes, Mr. Chaplin, and some thirty other more or less distinguished Conservatives deserted their leader, and Lord Randolph found himself at the head of a party thirty-five strong, nearly eighteen times as many as the full muster of the party with which he commenced his remarkable political career.

Having accomplished his purpose in making this demonstration Lord Randolph left the House, and there being no real opposition to the course suggested by Mr. Gladstone and approved by Sir Stafford Northcote, the Lords' Amendments were speedily disposed of, and the Bill was read a third time. The House adjourned till yesterday (Friday), when the Conservatives will formally assume office. In the interval Lord Randolph Churchill's bold manoeuvre of Monday has been attended with full success, and the Ministry Lord Salisbury has formed is strictly upon the lines dictated by the leader of the now extinct Fourth Party.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has appointed the Duke of Richmond and Gordon as Ecclesiastical Commissioner in the room of Mr. Goschen, resigned.

THE CANONRY IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL, vacant by the appointment of Dr. Butler to the Deanery of Lincoln, has been conferred on the Rev. M. Creighton, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge.

THE DEGREE OF D.D. has been conferred in a special Convocation at Oxford on the Bishops of Winchester, Gloucester and Bristol, and Bath and Wells (all three Cambridge men) as Chairmen of the Companies for the Revision of the Bible, on the Rev. R. H. Codrington, who surrendered a Fellowship to devote himself to the evangelisation of the islands of the South Pacific, and who has translated the Scriptures into many of the Melanesian dialects, and also on the Rev. Philip Brooke, a distinguished American preacher, pastor of an Episcopal Church at Boston, U.S., to hear whom Westminster Abbey was crowded a few Sundays since.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR leaves England next week for Quebec on a tour in Canada and the Far West, after completing which he will visit the Atlantic States of the American Union.

DR. WELLDON, the Head-Master Elect of Harrow, has been admitted into priest's Orders by the Bishop of Rochester.

SUNDAY LAST BEING HOSPITAL SUNDAY special sermons were preached in many of the London churches and chapels. The largest collections made were those at St. Michael's, Chester Square (per Canon Fleming), 951*l.*; after which, in order of amount, come St. Peter's, Eaton Square, 450*l.*; St. Mary Abbott, Kensington, 298*l.*; the Great Synagogue, Aldgate, 240*l.*; the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where Mr. Spurgeon preached, 200*l.*; Westminster Abbey, 195*l.*; St. Margaret's, Westminster, 175*l.*; the Temple Church, 172*l.*; and St. Paul's, 161*l.* At Union Chapel, Islington, the Rev. Dr. Allon's congregation contributed 100*l.* The annual collection for the Roman Catholic Poor School Committee falling on Sunday last, that on behalf of the Hospital Sunday Fund will be made to-morrow (Sunday), in all the Roman Catholic places of worship in the metropolis. 8,000*l.* has been received at the Mansion House for the Hospital Sunday Fund.

AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL (where the two collections amounted to 87*l.*), the Bishop of Derry preached an eloquent sermon, in the course of it denouncing the philosophy which talked cynically of the survival of the fittest, and saw in all the benevolent results of philanthropy co-operating with medical science only a morbid enthusiasm encouraging the growth of a redundant and unhealthy population. "We," the Bishop added, "must break the chain of this accursed logic."

A CONFERENCE ON CHURCH REFORM, presided over by Mr. Albert Grey, M.P., was held in London, on Tuesday, at which Canon Fremantle was one of the speakers, and several Nonconformists were present. Its object was to promote the success of the

Church Boards Bill, and of the view that the Church of England should be re-organised by a wide application of the principle of local self-government.

AT THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING of the Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association, presided over by the Earl of Dartmouth, the Bishop of Bedford, in moving a resolution, said that the one thing needed at a funeral was a devout and earnest rendering of the Church service. Music, and in a moderate degree flowers, might be included, but everything connected with the funeral itself should be quite plain and simple.

THE BROAD CHURCH party has sustained a loss through the death, at the age of 83, of the Ven. Henry Fearon, Archdeacon of Leicester and Rector of Loughborough. He was one of the minority of seven who voted in the Lower House of Convocation against the condemnation of "Essays and Reviews."

THE DEATH is announced, in his 66th year, of the Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood, the Congregational pastor of Falcon Square Chapel in the City, well known outside the sphere of his own communion as an effective and popular writer. He was editor of the now defunct *Eclectic Review*; and among his many writings were biographies of Wordsworth and Oliver Cromwell, and a work on the genius and philosophy of Thomas Carlyle.

THE POPE has appointed Monsignor Batt to be Roman Catholic Archbishop of Portsmouth.



THE OPERA.—Madame Patti was to have opened Mr. J. H. Mapleson's brief season at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday night, but in the course of the afternoon telegrams were sent out announcing that, owing to the artist's indisposition, the commencement of the season was postponed till Saturday. The rehearsal called for last week had also to be adjourned, owing, it is said, to the unprepared state of the theatre. That rehearsal subsequently took place on Monday, but Madame Patti, who is the sole judge of the necessity for her to attend rehearsals, was, we are informed, not present. Indeed, she travelled from Wales on Monday, and the long journey, it is stated, was the cause of her indisposition. The postponement of the commencement of an opera season for such a cause is, we believe, almost without precedent; but the circumstances, under which the enterprise depends solely upon the health of a single *prima donna*, are equally unusual. *Semiramide*, announced for Saturday, is now put aside till Tuesday, and *La Traviata* will be performed instead.—To the French repertory at the Gaiety was, on Tuesday, added *Mignon*, an opera far too familiar to warrant any further remarks concerning it. Miss Van Zandt gave an original reading of the part of the persecuted heroine, but the music does not suit her, and her intonation was by no means faultless. The attendance was not large. On the 30th inst. M. Gounod's *Mireille* will be revived.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—At last Monday's Richter Concert a recently published orchestral Symphony by Herr Robert Fuchs, of Vienna, was performed for the first time in England. There is nothing in this symphony likely to excite the anger of one party still strong in musical life, nor to warrant the admiration of the other. Herr Fuchs does not depart widely from the classical form. In his symphony are to be found the authorised allegro, an intermezzo, a species of slow minuet which takes the place of the ordinary slow movement, and a finale written almost in the style of Haydn. Poverty of matter rather than offensiveness of manner is the principal fault of Herr Fuchs's Symphony. It is essentially of a class happily described by Wagner as "Kapellmeister-musik." It seems a mere truism to repeat that we have in England composers capable of turning out far better work than these modest importations from the continent. Herr Henschel took part in Pagner's address from *Die Meistersinger* and in the final scene from *Die Walküre*, and a somewhat feeble programme closed with Beethoven's overture known as "Leonora, No. 3." Next Monday's Richter Concert, when Dr. Stanford's Norwich "Ode" and Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony will be performed, will be the last of the season. But three concerts will be given from October 24th to November 11th, and the usual series of nine concerts are announced from May 3rd to July 5th, 1886.

THE FESTIVALS.—The provincial contingents for the Handel Festival have arrived in London, and the first public rehearsal will take place at the Crystal Palace to-day (Friday). Mr. Manns has, for the first time in the history of the Festival, held choral rehearsals in Yorkshire and elsewhere, and every precaution has been taken to secure excellence of performances. The choir will consist of about 2,990 voices, the soprano division being increased to 770, and the altos to 800, while the tenors number 700, and the basses 720. Every voice has been specially and separately tested before the chorister was accepted for the present Festival. The orchestra will be increased to 470 players, no less than 373 of the total force being of stringed instruments. In brief there is every expectation that the present, which will be the ninth, will be the best and most successful Festival of the series.—The first of the provincial festivals will be that to be held at Chester on the 22nd prox., and following days. Dr. Bridge's oratorio, *Daniel*, recently produced at Oxford, will be the only novelty.—For the Three Choirs Festival to be held at Hereford during the second week of September, Mesdames Albani, Enriquez, and Patey, Miss Anna Williams, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley have been engaged.

CONCERTS.—An interesting concert was given last week by the St. Cecilia Society. The string orchestra and choir of this Society consists exclusively of ladies under the conductorship of Mr. Malcolm Lawson. The choir is excellent, and the band, doubtless organised under certain difficulties which will always attach to this Adamless Eden in music, is steadily progressing towards the same goal. The programme included dance movements from the operas of Lulli, Purcell, and Gluck, and other more modern works for the band, some charming part songs by Miss Mary Carmichael, a "Salve Regina" by Herr Gernsheim, whereof the solo was delivered by Miss Everett Green, and some vocal duets sung by those two accomplished artists, Miss Louise Phillips and Madame Isabel Fassett.—On Saturday Señor Sarasate gave the last of his violin concerts. The programme included a not very interesting "Concert-stück" by that versatile French musician, M. Saint-Saëns, a violin suite by Raff, and some orchestral works, including the C minor symphony and the "Mephisto Walzer," conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins. Señor Sarasate has arranged for a series of six concerts next season.—Chamber concerts have been numerous. The third of the excellent series directed by Madame Frickenhaus (an English pianist, by the way) and Herr Ludwig, brought forward Dvorák's piano trio in B flat, Schubert's "Rondo Brilliant," and other works.—Mr. Charles Hallé was honoured at his sixth concert by the presence of the Princess of Wales and her three daughters. The programme included Brahms's fine pianoforte quintet in F minor, Dvorák's piano quartet in D, and Schumann's "Kinderschenen," Rellstab's criticism of which, "That I set up a weeping child before me and sought for music in its sobs," so angered the composer.—Two pianoforte recitals have been given, one by the young

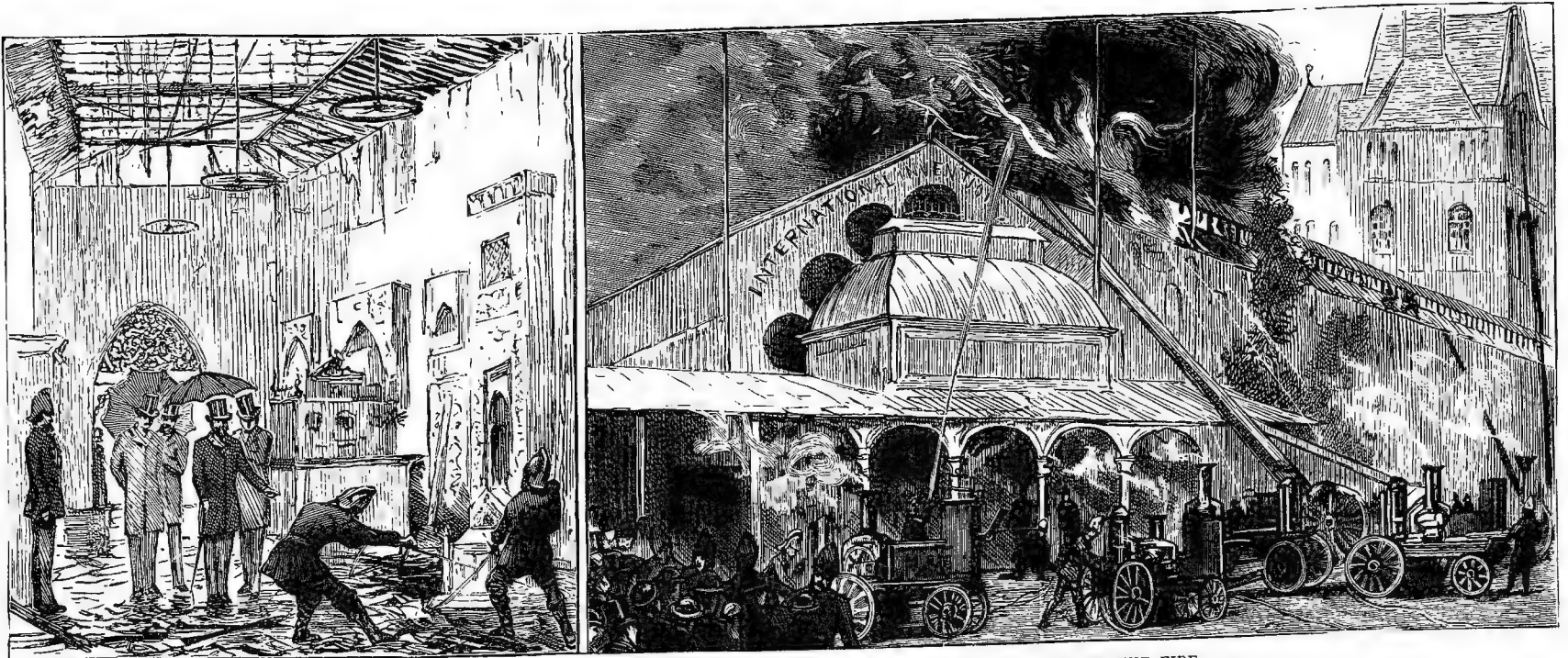
English pianist, Mr. Richard Rickard, and the other by Herr Franz Kummel, a gentleman whose English popularity dates back to 1873, when one year after his *début* at Antwerp he played Schumann's concerto at the Albert Hall.—Concerts have also been given by Signor Samuelli, Mr. Redfern Hollins, and Mr. Julian Edwards, Mdlle. Lilas Spontini, Madame Viard Louis, Baroness von Mitschke, Miss Emma Busby, Herr Kornfeld, Mr. Le'pold, Mr. Alfred H. West, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti has undertaken to give some Italian representations at the Paris Opera House, and will also sing during the winter in Spain and Portugal.—Madame Christine Nilsson is about to give some concerts in Scandinavia.—The late Ferdinand Hiller's collection of letters from musical celebrities will be offered to the libraries at Berlin or Cologne, on condition that the contents are not published for a quarter of a century.—The recent Bach Bicentenary Festival performance at the Albert Hall resulted in the heavy loss of 671*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.*—A subscription is being organised by Mr. Charles Hallé for the composer Stephen Heller, who has recently lost his eyesight.—During the next few weeks, daughters of Madame Trebelli and of Madame Demerice Lablache will make their London *débuts*.



THE new romantic drama, produced at DRURY LANE Theatre on Monday evening, with the title of *A True Story*, has been constructed upon a purely eclectic method, most of its incidents and characters being in some form already familiar to playgoers. Mr. Sims's influence is very noticeable; and Messrs. Jones and Herman may be said to have indirectly contributed something to the melodramatic woof. For all this it would be unjust to deny the skill and tact with which the author, Mr. Elliot Galer, has set forth a complex story, with a view both to excite sympathy in the fortunes of its leading personages, and to furnish excuses for those scenes of terror and excitement which are dear to the heart of the patrons of pieces of this kind. Mr. Galer's street rows in St. Giles's may be only Mr. Sims's street rows in the Borough, with fifty per cent. of superadded bustle and confusion; his "costers" and "cadgers" may be little more than new presentments of the street folk to whom Mr. Sims has introduced us, endowed with a heightened touch of the dialect and manners of the gutter, and relieved by more rhetorical outbursts of romantic generosity. But, after all, it is not so easy a task to build even out of old materials a play which will hold the attention of an audience as this play undoubtedly did on Monday from beginning to end. Mr. Sims himself has partially failed in such an attempt in the case of his latest production, which is conspicuously wanting on the side of consecutiveness and cumulative interest of study. Mr. Galer, on the other hand, follows up his theme in a business-like fashion. When his aristocratic young hero, Reginald Melton, has been disinherited, and declared illegitimate by his selfish and profligate father, Lord Cholmondeley, there may be no very cogent reason why he should go to Paris with a young bride, and take service as a volunteer in the defence of Paris against the Germans. But as he is a military officer, and unemployed, all this is at least conceivable. Certain fierce encounters between him and his more favoured, but less worthy brother in Seven Dials and elsewhere, may also be admitted to be somewhat forced and improbable; and such complaints might be echoed at various stages of this most elaborate production. But it is not so much verisimilitude that audiences demand, as a steady regard to the fortunes of the leading personages, and a subordination of what is merely episodic and illustrative to this main purpose. The fulfilment of this condition is the main secret of the success of Mr. Galer's play. With this the Herculean labours of the scenic artists, the stage carpenters, and the property men are admired and valued; without it not all the picturesque and animated representations of battle scenes in the environs of Paris and riots in the slums of London would have conducted this piece to the triumphant end which it achieved. Spectacle on the vast stage of Drury Lane is apt to overpower mere acting; but it is not so—or only so in much less degree than usual—on this occasion. The acting of Miss Fanny Brough as the persecuted heroine, and in the "sequel"—after a supposed long lapse of years, as the persecuted heroine's daughter, together with that of Mr. Herbert as the persecuted Captain Melton, her husband, undoubtedly awakened much interest; nor were the humours of Mr. Harry Jackson and Mr. Nichols in their respective parts unappreciated. An excellent performance of the part of the wicked nobleman by Mr. Richard Mansfield is also to be noted, together with some clever assumptions by Mr. W. H. Day, Miss Lizzie Claremont, Miss Amy M'Neill, Miss Emily Duncan, and other representatives of the extensive list of personages. The precision of the whole performance, with its four acts and twelve tableaux, could only have been attained by very careful rehearsals. Some abatement of the pyrotechnic display over the sortie from Mont Valérien will probably be judged necessary, since one of the rockets—partly spent but still burning—actually descended on Monday in the midst of a group of ladies sitting in the stalls.

It must, we fear, be taken as a token of the depressed condition of the stage at this time that the bills even of houses much in favour with the public are found to be subject to sudden and violent revolutions. To-night the HAYMARKET, which only the other day banished *Ours* to make way for *Katherine and Petruchio*, together with Mr. Gilbert's *Sweethearts* and the little comic drama of *Good for Nothing*, returns to *Diplomacy*. Last week, in like manner, the management of the ST. JAMES'S suddenly put aside *The Queen's Shilling* and *A Quiet Rubber*, to present Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare in their original parts in a revival of Mr. Pinero's comedy, *The Money-Spinner*, in conjunction with a new comedietta from the pen of the author of *Uncle's Will*. Mrs. Kendal's powerful and pathetic impersonation of Millicent Boycott and Mr. Hare's rather highly-coloured but most amusing portrait of Baron Croodle are well remembered, but are not the less welcome. Mr. Theyre Smith's little piece has at least the advantage of novelty. It is strictly a duologue.—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, representing respectively a widower and a widow who have been cast away on an island in the Pacific, being the only interlocutors. How the lady and gentleman, when the surprise of their first encounter had subsided, compare notes, and discover that they had known, and even entertained a tender passion for, each other in youth, though they had since married under somewhat sentimental conditions; how these twain tease and twist each other, and finally, when the peevishness engendered by solitude and privation are relieved by the sight of "a sail," renew their old attachment—this is really all in the way of story which the author has to set forth. The dialogue, it is true, is often amusing; though we are bound to add that it is sometimes hardly deserving of this epithet. The attempt to associate the situation with such current political topics as "sacred covenants," "delimitation of frontier," and so forth, appeared rather strained. Mr. Theyre Smith must have his joke, even though the old and important injunction, *et sibi constet*, should be conspicuously violated. Thus, when Mr. Kendal scanning the rescuing vessel, and reporting on her progress, observes, "She's

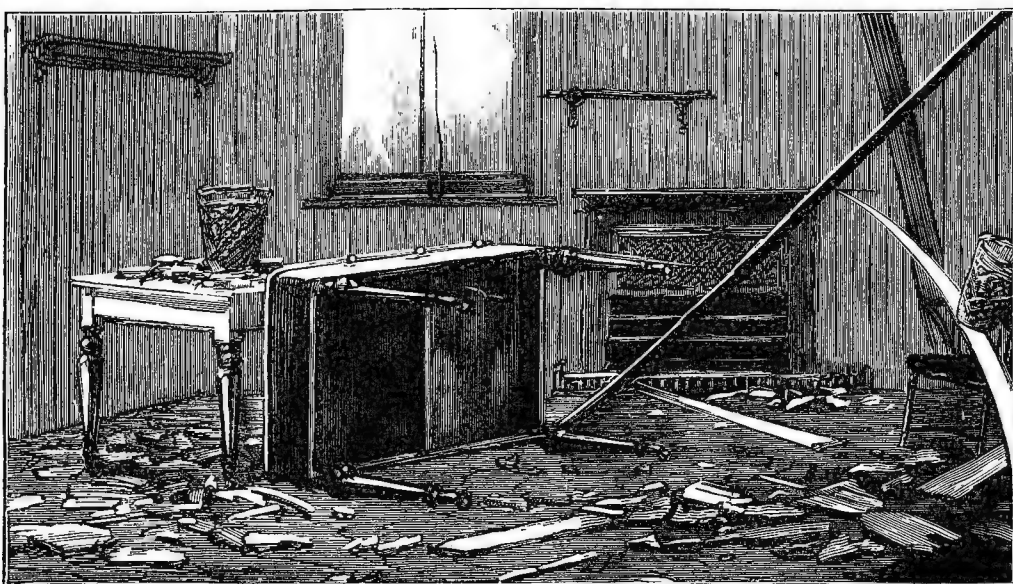


* ROYAL VISITORS

EXTERIOR DURING THE FIRE



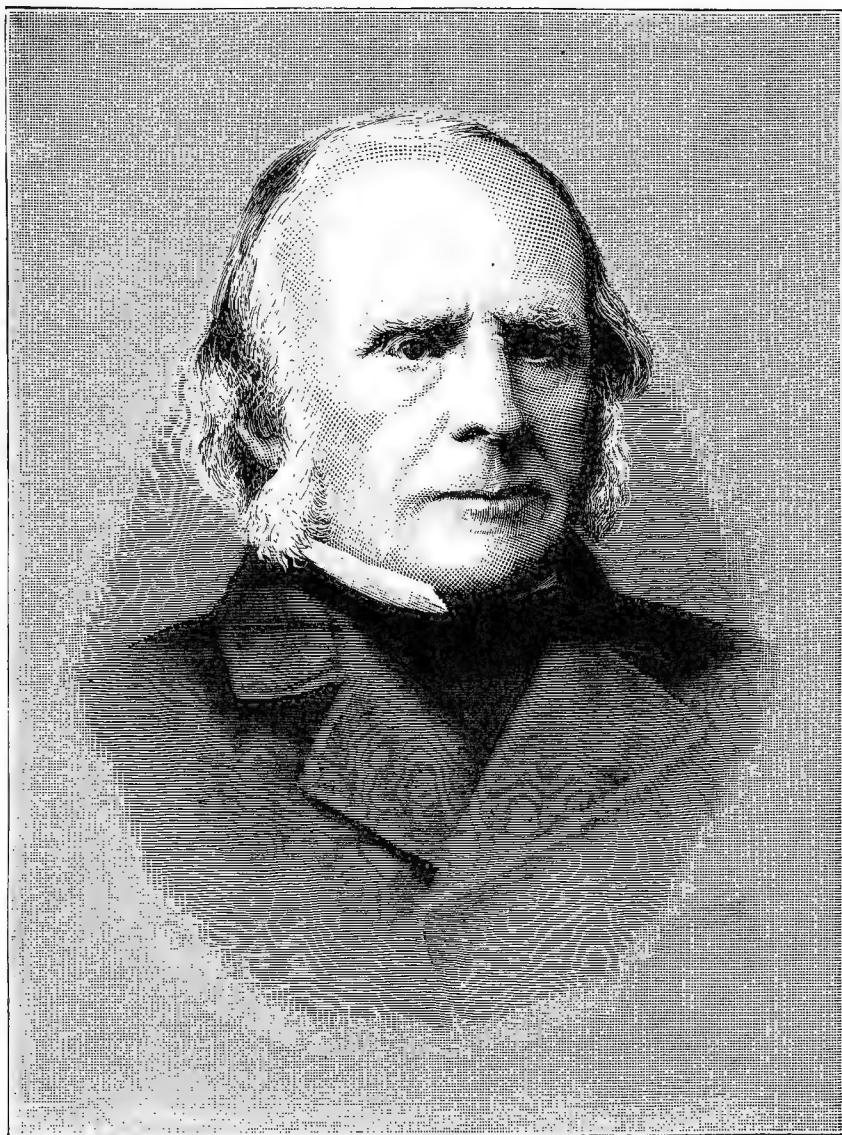
THE INDIA MUSEUM DURING THE FIRE



JURY ROOM OF THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION
(THE ONLY PART OF THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION WHICH SUFFERED)



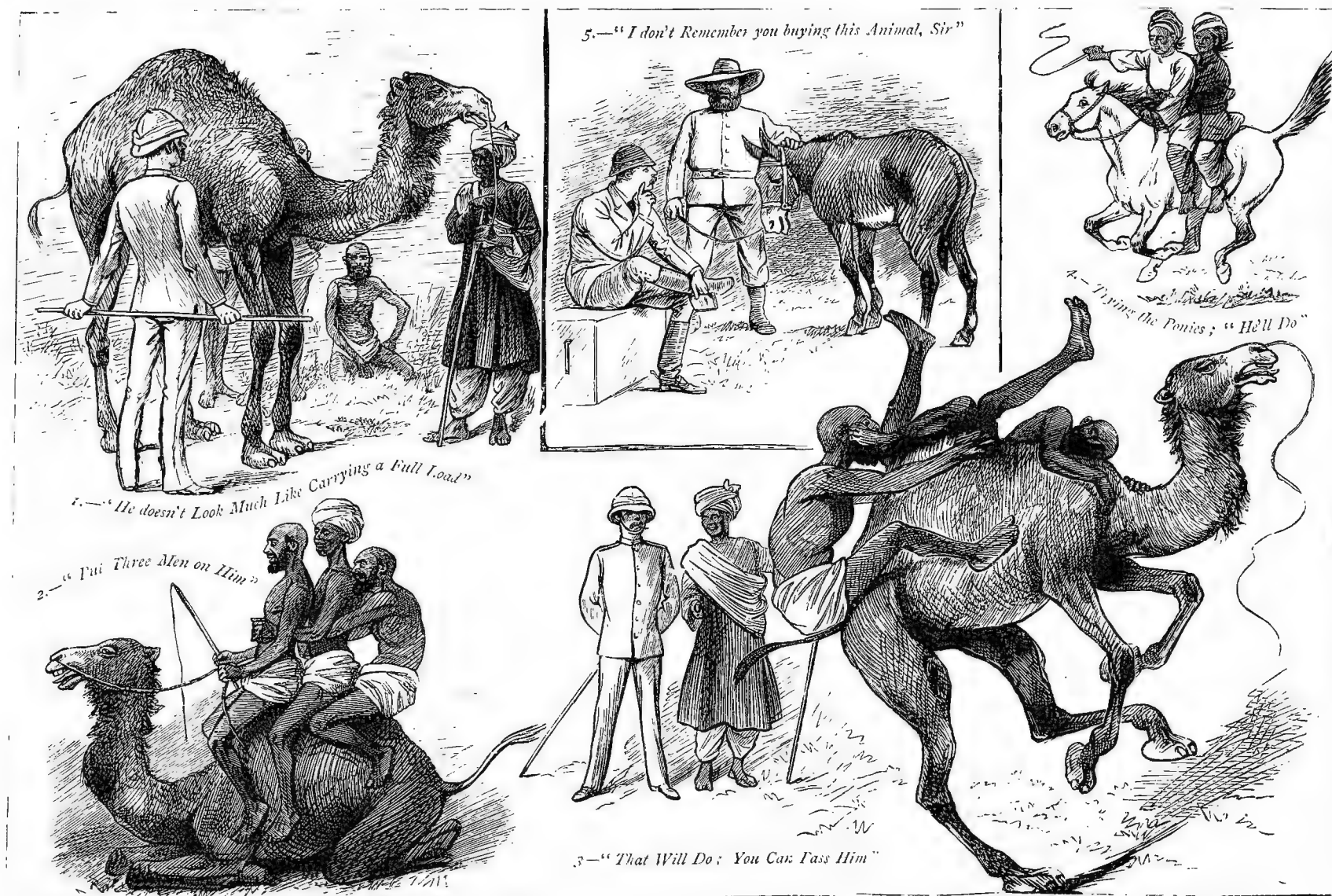
A GLASS CASE IN THE INDIA MUSEUM AFTER THE FIRE



THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE: A WATERLOO HERO, AND THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE VETERANS OF THE WATERLOO BANQUET
Born June 13, 1799; Served in the 14th Foot at Waterloo, June 18, 1815



PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA (THE "RED PRINCE")
NEPHEW OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, AND FATHER OF THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT
Born March 29, 1828. Died June 15, 1883



BUYING TRANSPORT CATTLE IN INDIA

wearing," Mrs. Kendal is made to exclaim, "What does it signify what she is wearing?" though the widow lady is neither a simpleton nor at all likely to be so entirely ignorant of nautical expressions. The little piece, however, was well received.

While numerous theatres are either closing, or about to close, and theatrical enterprise is languishing even beyond what is customary at this season, the French performances at the Gaiety are enjoying more than ordinary prosperity. Mr. Mayer has discovered that the patrons of French plays like not merely "bright particular stars," but also efficient companies. Certainly, French performances of such even excellence as the operas in which Mdlle. Van Zandt appears, and the comedies in which Madame Jane Hading is winning more and more favour from her English admirers, have rarely been seen in London. The present arrangements, alternating between comic opera and comedy, will continue until the arrival of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who will make her first appearance at the Gaiety this season on the 11th of July. M. Sardou's classical melodrama of *Théodora* is the play selected.

Mr. J. S. Clarke has revived Colman's comedy *The Heir-at-Law* at the STRAND Theatre, where this popular performer now "doubles," as the actors express it, the widely different parts of the fantastic pedant Pangloss and the sentimental peasant Zekiel Homespon. This *tour de force* appears to be regarded with much favour by Mr. Clarke's admirers.

A gleam of sunshine at length favoured the open air performances at COOMBE HOUSE on Saturday last. This (Saturday) afternoon, with the important proviso of "weather permitting," Lady Archibald Campbell and her associates propose to appear here for the first time in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of John Fletcher.

Open House appears not destined to enjoy the enduring popularity that was predicted for it. On Monday next, for Mr. Thorne's benefit, it will be withdrawn in favour of a revival of *Loose Tiles*; but whether the change will strengthen the attractions of the VAUDEVILLE still remains to be seen. It is probable that the comparatively brief run of Mr. Byron's posthumous piece is due chiefly to the "bad runs" now notoriously experienced at the metropolitan theatres.

The COMEDY Theatre, which has passed into the hands of Miss Melnotte, will open this (Saturday) evening with Mr. Grundy's comedy *The Silver Shield*, the amusing qualities of which were abundantly demonstrated at a recent *matinee*. Mr. Grundy's piece is both new and original.



THE TURF.—Every year Ascot becomes not only more and more popular with race-goers, but more and more fashionable as an adjunct of the London season. It is almost a reflection on members of "Society" not to put in an appearance on the Royal Heath, and to be seen in "the Enclosure" sets a stamp of social respectability on those who are fortunate enough to obtain the *entrée* from the Master of the Buckhounds. The recent anniversary has been a very successful one. The weather on the whole was enjoyable, Royalty was present in abundance, and the racing was quite up to the Ascot standard, though, for various reasons, several notabilities in the equine world did not show themselves. The Trial Stakes, which opened the ball on Tuesday, were won by Toast-master, to the discomfiture of the backers of the two favourites, Strathblane and Cambusmore, in a field of seven; nor did they fare much better in the Triennial, which fell to Royal Fern, who showed some form in the early part of last season, but since then has been a disappointing animal. The field for the Stakes showed some improvement on that of late years, nine runners facing the starter. Polemic was made favourite, but Althorpe, the winner of the Great Metropolitan at Epsom Spring Meeting, got home first easily enough by five lengths in front of Eurasian; Polemic being third. Royal Hampton, on the strength of his third in the Derby, was backed at odds on him, as a "good thing" for the valuable Prince of Wales's Stakes, but he could only get third, the winner turning up in the Duke of Beaufort's Pepper and Salt, who started in a field of eight at the extreme outside price of 20 to 1. Curiously enough all the runners are in the St. Leger, for which the winner found some support after his race. Another "good thing" was Saraband for the Biennial, and this did come off, "Mr. Childwick's" colt, with 4 to 1 on him, winning in a canter from seven opponents. The Hunt Cup day was, as usual, the most attractive of the meeting from a racing point of view, and for this race a round score came to the post. The very lightly-weighted Corneille, whom it was suggested the handicappers had confounded with a very ordinary animal with a similar name, was made a hot favourite, but as has often happened before with hot favourites, Mr. Leigh's animal failed even to get a place, and the third favourite, Eastern Emperor, turned out the winner. His owner the Duke of Beaufort, who for many years was one of the staunchest supporters of the Turf, but recently has had but few horses in training, is to be congratulated on the success following so soon after that in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. The old saying—"it never rains, but it pours"—often comes true in Turf as in other matters. Lord Hartington's Corunna was second, and Mr. Naylor's unlucky colt, Fulmen, third. Lonely, the recent winner of the Oaks, was most fancied for the Coronation Stakes, which were won by St. Helena, who was second to her in the Epsom race; but it must be remembered that in Tuesday's race St. Helena had the best of the weights. Necromancer, with odds on him, won the Fern Hill Stakes, beating King Monmouth at even weights; and Child of the Mist, who was talked of for the Two Thousand, took both the Biennial and the Ascot Derby on the Tuesday. Only two came to the post for the Triennial, which furnished a marked instance of what is called "the glorious uncertainty of the Turf," as Philosophy, with the odds of 6 to 1 on her, was beaten by Gay Hermit. Altogether, backers of favourites cannot be congratulated on their Ascot experiences.—The Grand Prix de Paris was run on Sunday last, and "all the world" was on the Bois de Boulogne to see the sport. Paradox, the second to Melton in our recent Derby, was a warm favourite at 3 to 1 on him, Reluisant, the French Derby winner, being most fancied of the other six competitors. The French horse led most of the way, and cheers were raised in her favour some distance from home, as if all were over; but directly Archer called on Paradox he went to the front and won easily. Some, or rather many, foolish Frenchmen thought it patriotic to set to hissing Archer, who, however, like the monks in "The Jackdaw of Rheims," was none the worse for the sibillant execrations. Talking of Archer, on the Tuesday at Ascot the famous jockey had six mounts, but "never a win" out of them.

CRICKET.—In Inter-county Matches there was an exciting finish between Gloucestershire and Surrey at the Oval at the end of last week, when victory rested with the first-named by two wickets, and the home county experienced its first defeat for the season. For Surrey Mr. W. W. Read, who is in splendid form just now, scored 73 in his first innings, and for Gloucestershire Mr. W. G. Grace made 55 in his, while Woolf was very strong in his bowling.—It was not any very great consolation for this defeat for Surrey to beat a weak county like Essex, but it did so in a very marked manner, winning by an innings and 174 runs. W. W. Read put together the

remarkable score of 214 (not out).—The last-mentioned total, however, was just beaten by Mr. F. M. Lucas, who scored 215 (not out), in the match of Sussex v. Gloucestershire at Brighton, when the southern county won by an innings and 2 runs, making the big total of 401 runs.—Nottinghamshire has had an easy victory over an England Eleven (not a very strong one), by an innings and 46 runs, all the Midland County men but one running into double figures.—Oxford has only just escaped a single-innings defeat by Lancashire; and Cambridge has played a draw with Yorkshire, the County having the best of it.—The *Graphic* Eleven has played the *Morning Post* at Nunhead, the former winning by 17 runs.

AQUATICS.—At Oxford the Pairs have been won by II. Maclean and D. H. Maclean, of New College.—At Cambridge the Eight-Oar races have, as usual, attracted large crowds. Jesus has had no difficulty in retaining its headship, and Trinity Hall, Third Trinity, Pembroke, and First Trinity, who started in this order after Jesus, finished in exactly the same.

TENNIS.—At Lord's, on Tuesday afternoon, considerable interest was excited by a match between the Hon. A. H. Lyttelton and C. H. Saunders, the professional at Prince's, the best of five sets, and Saunders receiving a bisque start. After a splendid exposition of the game by both combatants, the professional won by three sets to love.

POLO.—The teams left in to play the final for the Open Cup were the Sussex County and the Freebooters, and these tried conclusions at Hurlingham on Saturday last. Both sides played with great spirit, and eventually the County won by three goals to two. Three Messrs. Peat were on the side of the winners.



THE RECORDERSHIP OF WINDSOR, vacant by the death of the late Mr. Skinner, Q.C., has been conferred on Mr. A. T. Lawrence, of the Oxford Circuit, and Junior Counsel to the Admiralty.

MR. JUSTICE WILLS presided at the anniversary festival this week of the United Law Clerks' Society, established in 1832 for the relief of distressed members, and of their widows and orphans. The accumulated capital is 71,362*l.*, and the receipts of the past year amounted to 5,355*l.*, of which 348*l.* was expended in relief and necessary disbursements. Subscriptions in the course of the evening of between 300*l.* and 400*l.* were announced.

WHEN REFUSING an application in the Queen's Bench Division, made to expedite the trial in the Central Criminal Court of an indictment for libel,—the prosecutor charged the defendant with accusing him of cheating at cards—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge again protested against what he termed the quite modern practice of bringing indictments instead of actions for libel, and thus turning private quarrels into crimes. So far as he could, Lord Coleridge said, he desired to discourage such proceedings.

AN INTENDING PASSENGER by a railway train thrusts himself, or is thrust by the station officials, into an overcrowded compartment of a carriage where there is only standing room more or less sufficient. In the confusion caused by his entrance his centre of gravity is disturbed, and to regain it he puts out his hand, which is caught in the door just being closed, and is much injured. He brings an action for compensation against the Company, on the ground that he was injured through their default to provide adequate accommodation for passengers. But in the leading case of Jackson and the Metropolitan Railway it was decided by the House of Lords on appeal that an accident of this kind was not the effect of but merely the sequel to the overcrowding, and that the plaintiff's injury had been caused by his own voluntary act. A case of the same kind came up this week before the Queen's Bench Division on appeal from the decision of a County Court Judge, who had non-suited the plaintiff in an action for compensation against the London, Chatham, and Dover Company. In this case the plaintiff had, on entering the carriage, been pushed against by a fellow-passenger, and put out his hand, which was injured by the closing from without of the carriage door. While dissenting from the decision of the House of Lords, Lord Coleridge considered himself bound by it; and, seeing no real difference between this case and that of Jackson, the Court gave judgment for the Company. Future sufferers from any possible "sequel" to overcrowding should carefully study Jackson's case before bringing actions against Railway Companies for compensation for injuries received.

A MENDICANT plying his calling on Highgate Hill pretended to be lame, but a detective saw him running nimbly up the steps of St. Joseph's Retreat, and raising one of his shoulders, so as to produce a hump upon his back and to give himself the appearance of a deformed cripple before begging of the inmates. The Highgate magistrates sentenced him to a month's imprisonment with hard labour.



THE AGRICULTURAL PROGRAMME.—The Council of the Chambers of Agriculture of England have issued an appeal to the electors at the next General Election, in which the voters are requested only to support those candidates who will give the following pledges:—1. To rigidly exclude contagion from abroad, by restricting importation from countries infected with cattle disease; 2. To uphold prompt and effective regulations to limit the spread of disease at home; 3. In local taxation to advocate immediate action to relieve real property from its unfair share of local rates; 4. To endorse the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Agriculture, that the cost of maintaining the indoor poor and lunatics should be defrayed by Imperial taxation, and that all rates should be borne equally by owners and occupiers; 5. To resist all new and increased rates for any object whatsoever, until relief has been given from the present incidence of taxation; 6. To resist all railway companies proposing any increased charge on agricultural produce; 7. To resist the present system on railways of preferential rates to foreign produce on English lines; 8. To advocate the establishment of county boards; 9. To press for an inquiry into agricultural and trade depression. These nine points of the farmers' charter are likely to be heard much of between this and November.

THE WEATHER is proving favourable to farming and gardening, so that much of the apprehension existing a month ago has already disappeared. The wheat plant is coming nicely into ear, and on the heavy lands looks like a big crop. The lighter soils are less favoured. The earing of the plant will be general about Midsummer, so that reckoning six weeks between blooming time and the harvest, the latter this year should not be more than a week or ten days late. The arrival of the fly in the hop gardens is signalled, and is great

trouble to the farmer, but the vine has been growing very fast, and but for the fly the promise would be good. Barley and oats look very regular and thriving, probably the latter want a little more rain. The beans and peas are very fine plants this year, and the fruit promise is remarkable. The plums and cherries are especially laden, and the strawberries are ripening nicely. There is also a big yield of gooseberries. In the flower-garden roses are nearly up to time, the yellow lily, heartseases, geraniums, pinks, and carnations, and a multitude of flowers make the gardens bright; grass has grown rapidly during the past fortnight, and there is a fine cut of clover. The forest trees are remarkable for richness and fulness of leafage.

CORN, unfortunately, remains so extremely cheap that farmers are profoundly discouraged, and look forward with sickly hopes to harvest, after which they do not expect even present miserable prices to be exceeded. In this pessimistic view, however, they may be mistaken, for the American wheat crop is officially reported to threaten a deficiency of twenty million quarters, or about double the entire wheat production of the United Kingdom. Austria, Hungary, and Italy are all expected to have rather under an average wheat yield, while parts of Russia are still afflicted with drought, and even in France, Germany, and the United Kingdom no more than an average crop of wheat is expected, while rye must almost certainly fall short of a full yield.

THE BRIGHTON SHOW attracted much attention for the fine show of Sussex and other animals. But the profits of the venture are expected to be very small, owing to the rain that fell on the "expensive" days. The next place of meeting of the alliance of Southern and Western Counties is Bristol, and we hope that fine weather may favour the Society on that occasion. Maidstone was visited in 1884, and the drenching rain will long be remembered by those whose duties took them to the show-yard in what was no poor copy of the Indian monsoon.

THE ENSILAGE COMMISSION have now completed their sittings after examining a number of the most famous English and foreign agriculturists, and eliciting a vast amount of valuable agricultural information, much of it entirely new. The proceedings of the Commission will be given to the public in the form of a Blue Book. At the last sitting of the Commission the value of ensilage was strikingly shown by Mr. Eckersley, M.P., who said that in the North of England immense quantities of green fodder were wasted when the system was not applied. In Lancashire it did not occur more than once in twenty times that they could get a second cut of a green crop made into good hay.

WOOL.—The new season's produce of wool comes to hand very sparingly, and staplers and spinners are avoiding early speculative purchases, on account of heavy losses sustained last year by extensive operations at the opening season, the prices ruling then the highest of the whole year. Best clips, where there is a large proportion of teg fleeces, realise 10*d.* per lb., mixed fleeces, where the proportion runs to breeding sheep, 9½*d.*, and lambs' fleeces 5*d.* per lb. These terms are all very low as compared with those which were wont to prevail.

CREAM is obtained from milk by allowing the milk to stand until the lesser specific gravity of the cream globules brings them to the surface, from which they can be skimmed. In every gallon of pure milk myriads of infinitesimal cream globules are to be found, in fact in a pound weight of milk forty thousand million cream globules are reckoned ordinarily to exist. Yet in fresh milk no two of them as a rule are so near together but that a third may pass between them. These cream globules have been found to vary in size with the breed of the cow, and the larger the globules are, the more valuable the milk. This is one of the reasons that Jersey cattle are now very highly valued.

DUCKS AND GESE are now being bred up to weights which would have astonished our fathers. Four pounds for a duck and a stone for a goose are still tolerably good weight. Yet Aylesbury ducks have recently been shown weighing 21 lb., Rouen ducks 20 lb., and Pekin ducks 17 lb. the pair. As to geese, the white Embden geese have been bred up to the weight of 56 lb. the pair, and 38 lb. has frequently been exceeded, both for that breed and for the more ordinary Toulouse or grey goose. The want of water on many farms causes few or no ducks and geese to be kept, yet both pay well wherever there is a market town near. Rouen and Pekin ducks and Toulouse geese are very hardy, and lay well.

"SNATCH CROPS."—Land, says a writer who has the great gift of putting truisms in a fresh light, "land is such a cheap commodity—a square yard of it costing only twopence, or the price of a pint of beer, reckoning the value of the ground at 36*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* per acre—that I am afraid we sometimes waste it." A manner in which land is wasted is very conspicuously that of omitting to snatch small crops between the big ventures of the year. High cultivation and constant crops of one thing or another are the logical sequels to the chemical teaching that the land is little more than the scene of cultivation, the plant bed; and that what we want out of the soil must be put into it, by the rain, the air, and artificial plant-aliments supplied by man in the form of manures. Tares, trifolium, autumn-sown Italian rye grass are among the "Snatch Crops" to which attention is likely to be unceasingly directed.

A BIG SHARK has been caught off the Isle of Wight by some Gosport fishermen. The creature invaded their mackerel nets, and was killed with some difficulty.

SUNDAY OPENING is to be tried to-morrow (Sunday) at the Alexandra Palace. Members and friends of the National Sunday League will be admitted after two P.M., also on the two following Sundays.

THE LAST SWISS SOLDIER who followed the Great Napoleon to Russia, and shared in the disastrous retreat of the Berezina, is said to have died at Cœuve, in the Bernese Jura. Pierre Chavanne was ninety-five years old.

CARELESS PEOPLE who walk along crowded streets with their umbrellas and canes tucked under their arms and endangering the eyes of the passer-by, had better mend their ways before taking Germany as a summer trip. The authorities at Düsseldorf have ordered the police to report to the Government every accident caused by this awkward habit, and intend to prosecute any offender guilty of inflicting serious injury.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S WOULD-BE ASSASSIN, KULLMANN, the fanatical cooper, who attempted the Chancellor's life at Kissingen in 1874, has lately been giving much trouble in his prison at Baireuth. He wrote numerous defamatory articles against the most prominent State officials, and gave them to a fellow prisoner who was shortly to be released and promised to circulate the pamphlets. On this being discovered, Herr Kullmann set to work to assault his jailors, and he will accordingly spend ten years longer in prison.

A SWALLOW POSTMAN is rather a novelty in the feathered world, yet this swift little bird has lately brought a message as safely as any trained carrier pigeon. Last summer a swallow made its nest in a house at Ronneburg, in the Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg, and became very friendly with the family. Just before the autumn migration the owner of the house tied a waterproof label under the swallow's wing, writing in German on the paper that he would like to know where the bird wintered. This summer the bird has returned to its German nest, bringing back a similar label inscribed in German, "In Florence, at C—'s house, and I bear many salutations."

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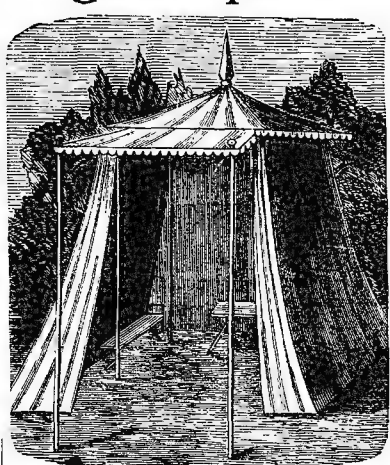
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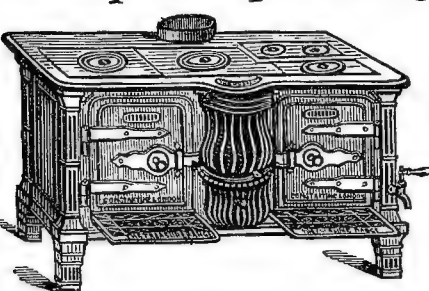
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A JOURNEY TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO, AFRICA

In Four Parts—Part II.

LIFE AT MOSHI

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY MR. H. H. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S.

A FEW WEEKS' LABOUR made a great difference in our surroundings. Whilst some sixteen of my men were despatched to Taita to fetch the goods I had left behind, the others were employed in all the works necessary to the proper development of our station, which at that time I intended to become my principal and permanent abode on the mountain.

In the preceding supplement I have given some account of the preliminary steps taken to render our little colony of

Kitimbiri not only habitable but comfortable, and fitted for a white man's residence. We will presume, therefore, that most of my ideas have been carried



A SOLDIER OF MANDARA'S

out, that some of the roads are made, the gardens not only planted but producing, the hens laying, the cow and goats in full milk, the houses built, and the leader of the expedition, now that the first cares of installation are over, with sufficient leisure on his hands to devote much of his time to natural history pursuits. I think, therefore (my object being to convey to you a clear conception of my mode of life in Chaga), I might adopt a somewhat hackneyed method, now common in travel books, and attempt to describe in detail the events and incidents occurring—or supposed to occur—in one day. Remembering, however, that one day must be taken with another, the good with the bad, and that if a mean is struck between two extremes the most correct general impression may be formed, I shall not describe one day only but two—two typical days taken from my diary, with a little filling in of details and addition of explanatory information, necessary to my readers but superfluous in my own journal, when I write from one day to another with due regard for my memory of recorded events and observations. One day shall show me lulled in contentment, satisfied with my surroundings, and seemingly as safe as though I were in an English county; and the other shall exhibit the reverse of the picture, the anxieties, suspense, and disappointment I occasionally had to undergo. Let us begin with

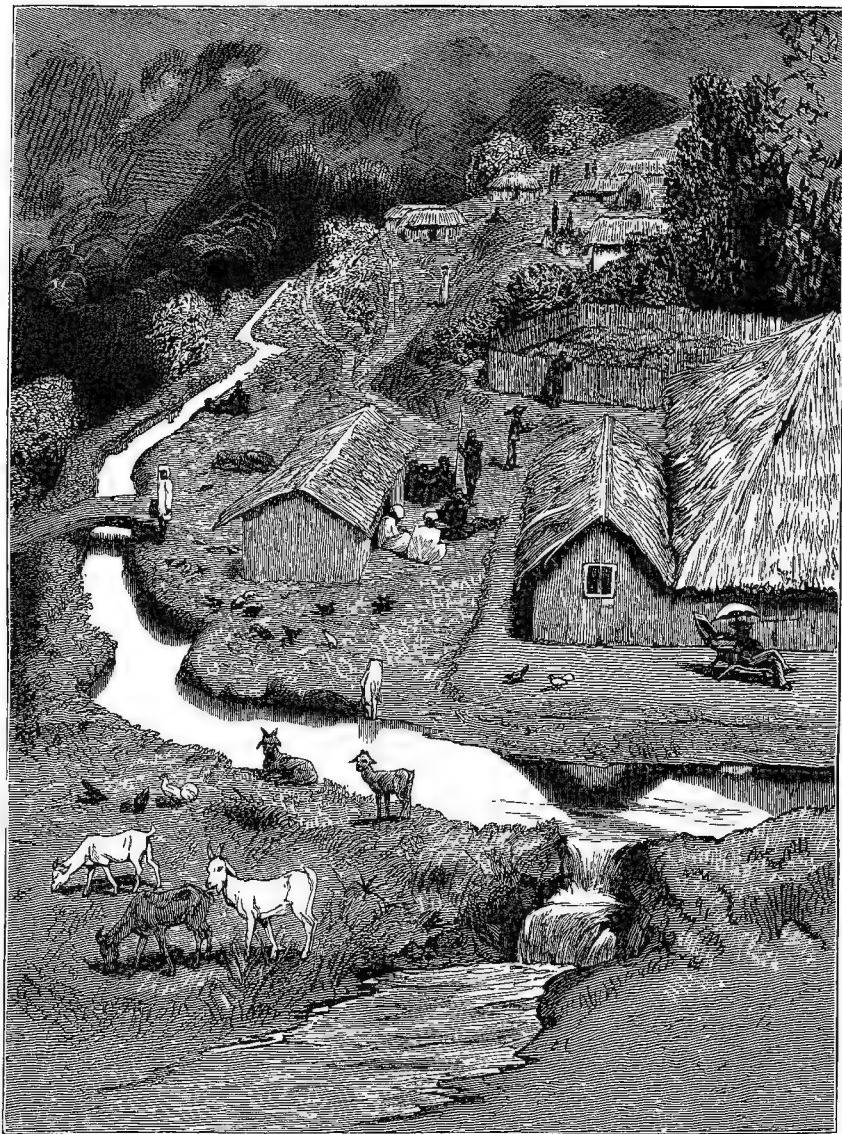
THE HAPPY DAY

ABOUT seven in the morning (in these equatorial regions it is scarcely light till nearly six) I hear the plashing of water in my sitz-bath, mingling with the last echoes of some fantastic dream—perchance some incongruous vision of English life that has come upon me in my heavy morning slumber—and I gradually awake, with many a sigh and groan, to find my servant Virapari filling my bath with several kettlefuls of warm water and a pail of cold from the stream, whose murmur I occasionally hear coming as a second to the treble of the cackling hens and bleating goats. Ah! how I hesitate to leave my nice warm bed! Though the slanting morning sunbeams pierce the crevices of the thatched wall, and fall in golden *paillettes* on the matted floor, the thermometer still marks little over fifty, and the air is sharp and keen, even within my sheltered hut. Nevertheless, the steaming bath will soon be lukewarm if I dally, and moreover breakfast—and in this healthy life I love my meals, and look forward to them with tender longing—cannot be laid until the bath is out of the way, so with one impetuous bound I am out of the sheets, my pyjamas are flung off, and I can sponge myself with the warm water which, in

the tropics, is so much healthier and more beneficial than the icy douche which strong-minded, generally disagreeable, people affect in England.

I find my pen was leading me into a detailed description of my toilet, an act so purely superfluous and uninteresting to the reader that I am glad I stopped short in time. Give me a quarter of an hour after my bath, and I am clothed, and brushed, and spruce, and standing at my cottage door lustily ringing a small hand-bell. When its last brazen tinkle is silent, cries are heard from the distant huts of my Swahili porters. "Tayari, Bwana, Tayari. Aya! Kazi, Kazi!" "Ready, master, ready. Work, to work!" These ejaculations are meant somewhat to appease me while the utterers are turning regretfully from their couches or their firesides, and donning their scanty garments. Then nine or ten men come running down the incline, for their quarters are higher up the hill than mine, and hastily form themselves into a line in front of my door.

I call over the roll:—"Cephas?" (Cephas is the chief cook, and is engaged in cooking my breakfast, so I excuse his reply.) "Faraji?" "Ndimi, Bwana—Here I am, sir," comes a cry from the cowshed, where milking is going on. "Abdallah?" (Abdallah is for the time being headman, and Minister of Public Works in my Cabinet. He is slightly deceitful, invariably courteous, always tidy and smartly dressed, rather a rogue but an accomplished one.) "Hapa, Bwana—Here, sir." "Farajala?" "Yes, sir," (Farajala has been an old mission boy, and retains "Yes, sir," as the last fragment of the English tongue. He also sings "Te Deums" when at work, imagining them to be popular English melodies. He is a good, willing fellow, thoroughly honest.) "Ibrahim?" (Ibrahim is the best man in the caravan. He is short, fat,



A CORNER OF OUR SETTLEMENT

complains of a cough, more often the maladies suddenly assumed are of a less tangible character, like the neuralgia of civilisation. "A pain here, sir, oh! so bad. I'm afraid I can't work to-day." "Oh nonsense! you ate too much yesterday. Go and chop some firewood, that'll do you more good than medicine."

And so all are finally told off to their tasks—two to attend to the gardens, one to get firewood, one to herd the goats, sheep, and cow, another to look after the fowls, five to build the big house or cut the roads, as the case may be. Faraji and Cephas of course attend to the cooking, and nothing else.

Now I am a free man, and may go for a stroll in the fresh morning air before breakfast is served, walking along the path that fringes the crest of the narrowing hill spur on which the settlement is placed, gazing, perhaps, at the majestic snow peak of Kibô which rises sharp and clear above the morning mists, or gathering wild flowers to deck my breakfast-table. Here grow gorgeous dissotises, large-petalled mauve-red flowers, primrose-yellow and purple-centred hibiscuses, creamy-white clematis, with thick, woolly petals, and many lovely blossoms of balsams, and a mauve-white thing like phlox—quite a glowing mass of colour in my natural garden, which makes me hotly refute the theory that the tropics cannot produce flower-shows equal to those of the temperate zone.

I come back in answer to the earnest appeals of Virapari, who assures me breakfast is getting cold, but I must yet delay my sitting down till my floral treasures are placed in water, and put in the centre of my repast. I must describe to you my breakfast-table. I

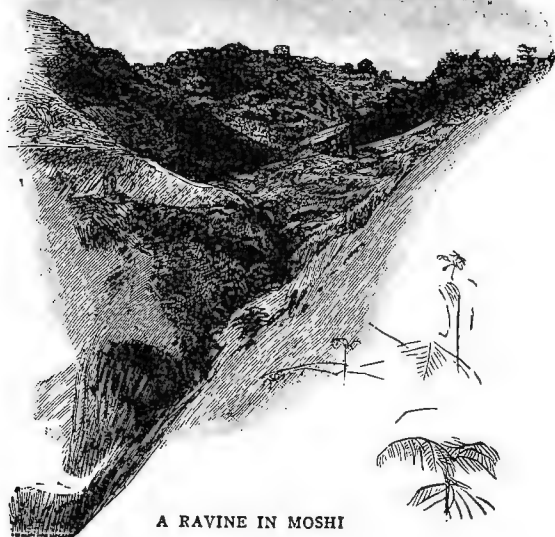
have a right to pride myself on its appearance, as most of the good things it bears are our own local productions and not imported from Europe, and I want it to preach a little lesson that will show how much Africa may be made to yield in the way of comfort when



"KITIMBIRIU" (OUR FIRST SETTLEMENT ON KILIMA-NJARO)

with an enormous mouth, and always in a good temper). And so I go through the list of names till all the twelve are accounted for. This task over I then have to attend to the small ailments of some. This man has an ulcer, that a stomach-ache, another

comfort is sought. Of course this applies more to the resident than to the traveller, who cannot stay long enough in a place to develop its resources.



A RAVINE IN MOSHI

Firstly, there is a nice snowy cloth spread over the table, then the silver is bright, and the enamelled iron plates are clean, all details which are due to a little supervision over servants' work. The grateful steam of coffee comes from a pretty *cafetière*, a little white jug contains hot milk from my own cow, there is a pat of fresh butter of our own making lying in a cool green leaf, a nicely-baked loaf, made from maize-flour and eggs (and in a long parenthesis I might explain that this flour is of our own grinding and sifting, and the eggs are from our own poultry), and lastly, there are grilled kidneys from a sheep we killed yesterday, fried bananas as an *entremet*, and a bowl of honey.

Of all these delicacies, only coffee and sugar are extraneous, so that I thus hope to show you how much comfort and good living may be extracted even from savage Africa.

When the meal is finished I set out to visit my plantations. They are situated about a half-mile from my house. The walk thither takes you along the little stream which supplies a canal, or—to use a more expressive Cornish word—a “leat” of water to our settlement, and the ground has been cleared and planted near the water-side, so that irrigation is easy. Here is working Kadu Stanley, a bright, willing, Uganda boy, given by King Mtesa of Uganda to Stanley when he visited that monarch in 1876. Kadu has sojourned several years on the Congo, and after his return to Zanzibar has taken service with me. I have made him head-gardener.

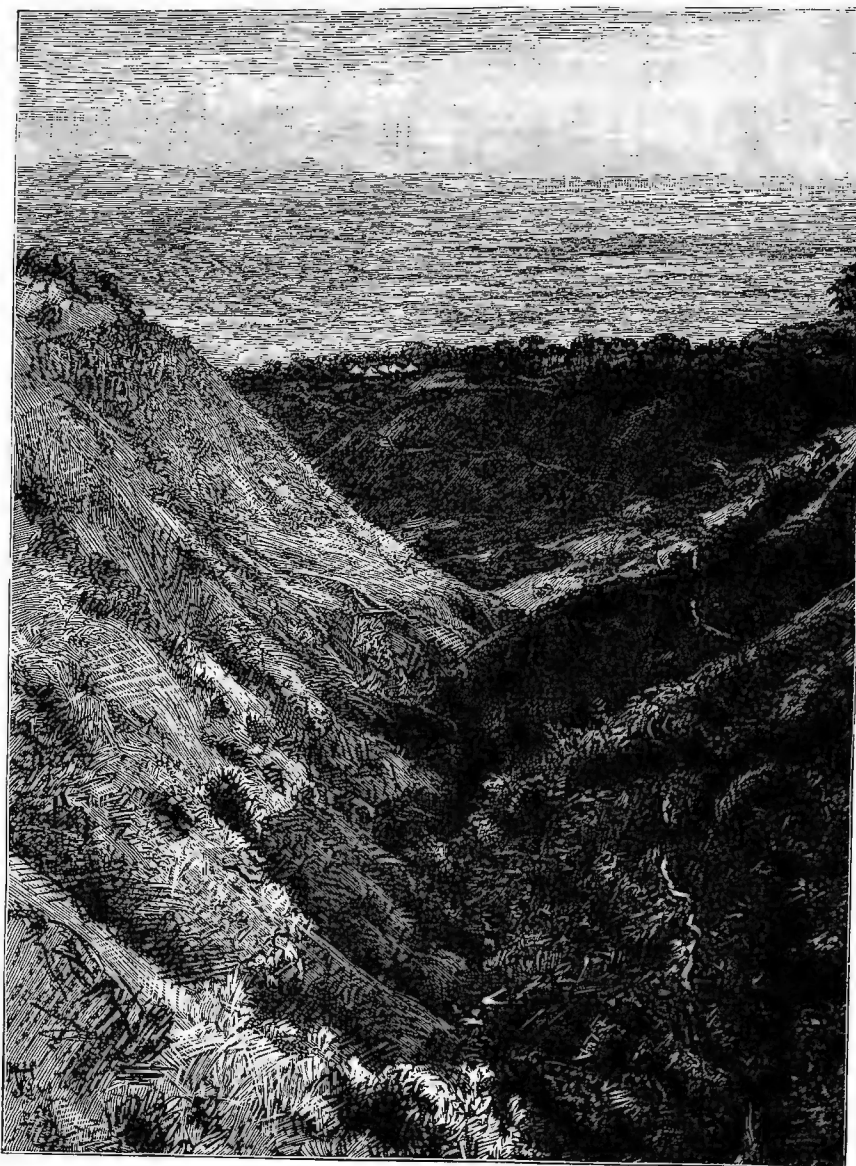
Here are planted all the seeds I have brought from England, together with potatoes, onions, &c., brought from Zanzibar, and many native vegetables as well. Already, after a month or six weeks, the growth is surprising. Radishes are still in good condition for eating, the mustard and cress have run to seed, turnips are nearly ready, carrots and cucumbers are coming up, and sticks have been already placed in long rows for the peas and beans. The purplish green shoots of the potatoes are springing up wherever “eyes” have been planted, some of the onions are in flower. The only recalcitrant thing is spinach, which for some reason will not flourish here.

I leave Kadu and go onwards up the valley, sketch-book under my arm, and my small bird-gun in my hand. Across the stream there flits a large kingfisher, grey and rufous-brown and verditer-blue, with red beak. Like the real aboriginal kingfisher he feeds only on insects, as there are no fish in these streams. Fishing has been quite an after-thought with the kingfishers, and is a pastime by no means shared by all the members of the group. Many Australian species, the halcyon of the Cape Verde Islands, and this common East African halcyon found on Kilima-njaro never attempt to catch fish, even though they be near streams well-stocked with piscine prey, but content themselves with the variety of insects that haunt the water-side. I shoot this kingfisher just to identify him, and afterwards when his little stomach is opened the carapaces of beetles and remains of grasshoppers are found within.

Now the stream I am ascending becomes two streamlets, and the valley bifurcates into two ravines, while the broad slope of a hill faces me, so I leave the pleasant path along the waterside and toil up the clayey ascent. But when I have reached the level crest of this bracken-covered height, I slip into a smooth and level track, winding along between low hedges of strychnia and dracæna, and giving off many side turnings which lead to native compounds and enclosures. Several maidens pass me shyly, going to market with bananas or neat baskets of millet meal or bags of Indian corn. Some of the bolder, who have perhaps met me before in the market-

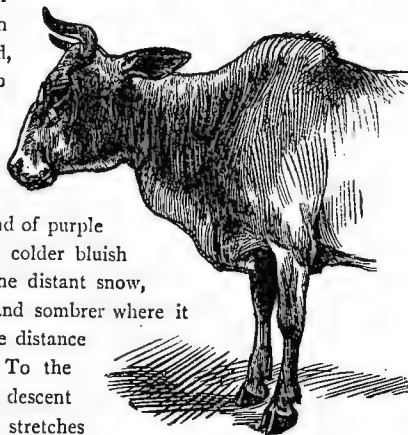
place or at Mandara's, give me the Chaga greeting, “Mbuia” (friend), to which I heartily reply “Mbuia, mbuia.” How strange it is! In all probability many of these Chaga girls have never seen me or any other white man before; yet we meet in a lane suddenly, and beyond a somewhat timid shrinking to one side there is no fear and no surprise exhibited. Each after the formal greeting wends his or her way tranquilly. And yet, to imagine a similar contrast, suppose some English country girls—say in the most rural depths of Somersetshire—were suddenly to come upon a naked black man striding along a leafy lane, armed with spear and shield, and decked with strange adornments, necklaces of human teeth, and such like, would they not in all probability shriek for help, or giggle convulsively, or in some obtrusive fashion betray their amazement. Yet these African maidens, to whom I, clothed where they are accustomed to utter nakedness, with aneroid hanging round my neck, sketch-book under my arm, and gun in hand, suddenly appear, merely give me a modest greeting and a shy look, and quietly pursue their way.

After a further ascent I arrive on the summit of a rounded hill which considerably o'ertops its fellows for miles round, and offers views of unexampled magnificence in all this lovely country. To the north, without a single fleck of intervening cloud, rises Kilima-njaro, the whole central ridge and both the peaks completely visible. The eye first rests irresistibly on the splendid snowy dome of Kibô, absolute in whiteness under the glare of the vertical sun, with a few faint purplish blots, like the crater-shadows on the moon's face, coming out where the bare rock breaks through the snow, and



VIEW OF MANDARA'S VILLAGE FROM KITIMBIRIU

then in the few hollows, gaps, or *crevasses*, tender cool shadows of pale blue break somewhat the dazzling effect of unsullied white. Below the snow cap of Kibô lies a great stretch of purple moorland, broken up dimly into ravines, cliffs, hillocks, and ridges by shadows of deeper tint, but seen with the eyes half shut seeming a band of purple colour merging into a colder bluish tint where it reaches the distant snow, and becoming darker and sombrier where it mingles with the middle distance of dark green forest. To the left of Kibô a rounded descent of the mountain-mass stretches down with some few jags and undulations till it passes away into the far off plain, and to the right of the snowy dome a ridge nearly horizontal reaches to the

HEAD AND SHOULDERS
OF OUR COW

sister and minor peak, the jagged Kimawenzi, which has merely patches and streaks of snow resting amid its strange black peaks and pinnacles. The background to the entire scene is a sky of



CLEMATIS AND HIBISCUS

intense blue which is almost free from cloud save for a few vapourous cumuli lying behind the centre ridge of the mountain. In the middle distance are grandly swelling rolling hills, magnificently wooded with, in some cases, a forest growth so uniform that, looked down on from a height, its surface is like rich green velvet pile. Here and there, but rarely, on the hill sides there are open patches of land, covered with short turf or bracken. These offer, by the side of the darker forest, tracts of lovely grass green colour, almost unrepresentable in pigment, from the fact that in water colours or oil there is no plain tint, or combination of tints, that will exactly give it, or in which any permanency can be hoped for. From the matrix of one or two of the nearer hills springs gush forth and flow through ever deepening ravines with musical clamour, though their course and their birthplace can only be conjectured at a distance from the greater luxuriance of the forest which they provoke. In the foreground I look upon the descending northern slope of the great hill from whose summit this unexampled view is obtained, and here there is an intricate mass of low forest, principally composed of the Mkindu palm (I think belonging to the genus *Raphia*) mixed with indiscriminate shrubs, many of them overgrown with parasitic cucurbits and loranthes. This palm is the only member of the order I have ever found growing on the slopes of Kilima-njaro. In the plain below there are several others, the *Hyphane thebaica*, or branching palm, the “Mwale” (another species of *Raphia*), and the *Borassus*, but I have never seen any of these on the mountain.

Having worked industriously at my sketch, and shot three sun birds who were hovering round the teazle-like flowers of a labiate plant in my vicinity, I now begin to think of returning homeward, for lunch time is approaching, and, besides, the monarch of mountains has begun to weary of his condescension, he thinks I have stared at him enough, and he is wreathing light fleecy clouds round his august features as a signal that the interview is at an end. So I gather up my sketching materials, pop the sunbirds into a roll of wadding in my *carriassière*, and stroll homeward through the red lanes bordered with dracænas, aloes, strychnia, and bramble, the latter covered with delicious blackberries, and the strychnia, which is semi-cultivated by the natives, with tiny yellow fruit exactly resembling miniature oranges, though scarcely larger than big peas. These are good to the taste, and, according to the natives, wholesome to eat, though in some way I connect them with ideas of poisons, and never largely indulge in their consumption. As I near my settlement I hear a great clamour of tongues, and find a market is going on in the vicinity of the Zanzibaris' quarters. About thirty Wa-Chaga are there busy chaffering their goods for cloth and blue beads. The men are all naked, excepting for a tiny cloak or mantle of dressed fur round their shoulders. The women are principally clothed with thick bands of beads, but they generally have a short leathern apron or petticoat. The wares of these people consist principally of Indian corn, in the ripe grain, and also green cobs; two or three kinds of beans and peas; flour made from millet seed; tobacco in the leaf; honey; bananas, ripe and unripe; calabashes of sour milk or rancid butter, and numbers of live fowls. Perhaps on such a day as this I have purchased as many as eighty fowls for one “hand” (about an ell) of cloth each (approximate value 2d. an ell). Or there may by chance be a goat or sheep for sale; but this not often, as Mandara is supposed to own all the live-stock of the country as personal property, although he gives many goats, sheep, and cows to his subjects as presents, conditionally or their

not being parted with, so he himself is almost the exclusive dealer in live-stock. I amuse myself by a little friendly chaffing before lunch, but leave all serious purchases to my servants, for the natives invariably deceive me when I wish to buy, either palming off old scraggy fowls, bad eggs, and adulterated honey on my inexperience, or else charging me extravagant prices.

One little item may be noticed in this market which will show how observant and practical the people are, and how they seize any lawful means of making money.

I have only resided here, let us suppose, some few weeks, and yet the natives have noticed my fondness for eating blackberries, a thing they never do themselves for some reason or other. Consequently, without any hint from me, children have been sent by their parents to collect industriously all the berries to be got, and here they are, wrapped in banana leaves, on sale for a trifle in cloth or beads. Also many women have brought bundles of firewood, so neatly done

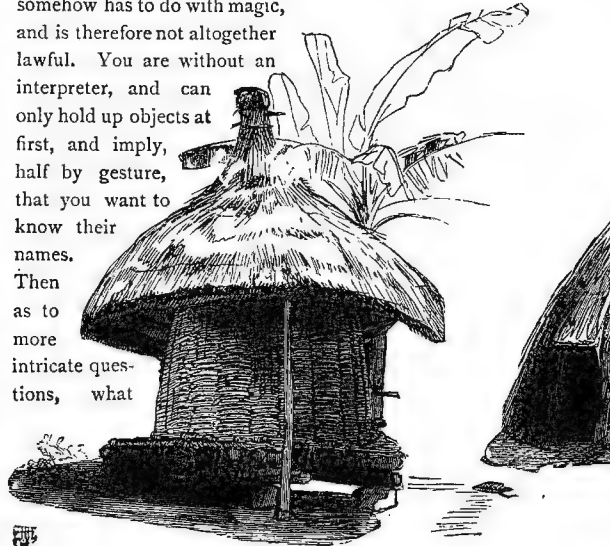
NATIVE DOORWAY

up and chopped into such handy logs that, although it seems superfluous to buy it, when one man's mission in the station is to collect nothing else in the woods all day long, yet it is sold so cheaply, and is so conveniently ready for use, that I often purchase it, and feel by so doing that I am encouraging the enterprise and spirit of my black neighbours.

After lunch I sit for an hour or two skinning birds; then, when the afternoon sun is declining, I set out for another ramble. Perhaps before starting I sip a welcome cup of tea in the natural arbour behind my house. Then taking my sketch book, I wander forth in delicious aimlessness, now stopping to sketch a distant view of Mandara's village, seen from the head of our ravine, now scrambling up a bracken-covered hill side in almost wild exuberance of spirits. "How happy life seems here," I stop and reflect to myself, as, my face all aglow with the flush of exercise, I rest awhile, seated on some grassy mound at the summit of the hill, and looking down on my busy settlement beneath, where the men at work are so many ants creeping two and fro, my gardens are green patches, and my houses might be the tiny habitations of leaves and twigs which some species of ants are wont to construct. Whilst I am gazing over this most varied prospect—over the tiny beginnings of a colony on the hill below, over the many ridges of banana-covered hills beyond, and further away the illimitable plains marked and patterned like a carpet with patches of purple forest, streaks of yellow sand, red hillocks, and pale green savannahs—a slight noise behind me attracts my attention, and I look round to find a Chaga man regarding me with a friendly grin, which exposes a row of filed and villainous teeth. It is my milkman, he who supplies me every morning with an extra quantity of milk which is needed for butter-making. A conversation ensues, wherein neither understands the other to any extent, for I am as yet ignorant of Ki-chaga, and my interlocutor knows no Swahili. However, he evidently wants me to do something, for like a dog he won't leave me alone, but keeps going on a little way along the path, and then looking back. So I gather that he wishes me to accompany him. We soon arrive at the hedge round a native compound, and, passing through the narrow triangular doorway, girt about with living tree-trunks, and blocked, if need be, by a rough-hewn massive plank, we enter a small yard wherein stand three buildings. One is a neatly-built store house, raised on piles (as may be seen in the illustration), and the other two beehive huts, surmounted with peaks like hay-cocks, goats and fat-tailed sheep are feeding on the pea-shucks which a woman, who is shelling peas, casts from time to time on the ground; and fowls are busy picking in the several rubbish heaps, or kitchen-middens, which stand outside the doorway. Little surprise is manifested at my entrance. Another woman comes out from the smaller house and stares for a short time at the unexpected arrival, but the woman shelling peas scarcely looks up from her work. Invited by my Chaga friend to make myself at home I sit on the only available seat, a rough-hewn log cast on the ground, and commence a sketch of the scene before me. The stone house is rapidly drawn in, the doorway of another dwelling is outlined,

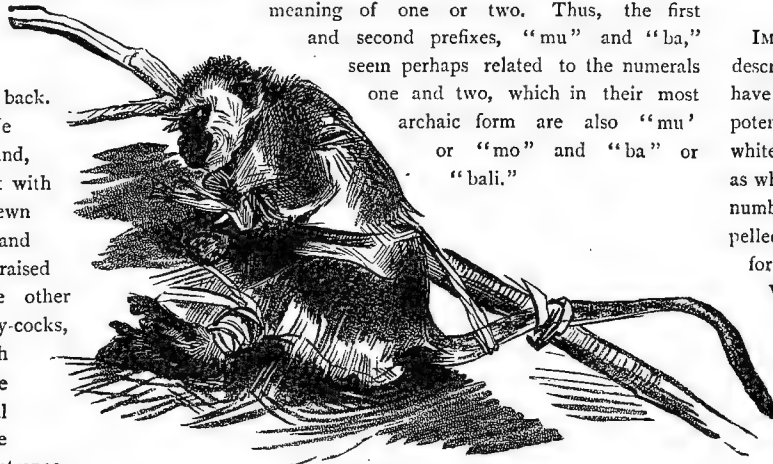
and I am just adventuring on a study of the seated figure shelling peas when she divines my intention, rises indignantly, and walks into her house. My host also seems a little uneasy, for the people look upon Art as magic, and imagine drawings are made of things and people for sorcerish reasons. However, I reassure him, put up my sketch book, and rise to go. This Chaga man is (and always was throughout my stay) exceedingly amiable, and thinks perhaps this time that his fears about magic have hurt my feelings, so he presses me to accept some green ears of Indian corn, and together we go to the corn-field, outside the compound, and cut some five or six cobs, which are tied together by their sheaths and hung over my arm. Thus burdened, and taking a friendly farewell, I descend the hill and walk back to my settlement. Here I find two or three natives have come to see me, bearing several live monkeys for sale. The poor creatures are tightly tied to forked sticks, and are so bound with withes and strips of bast that they can only grind their teeth in impotent rage. I do not really want them, as they are of a very common species, but to encourage the people to search for and bring me live things, I buy them for a small amount of cloth. Then the canines of the savage males are docked, and the monkeys are tied round the hips with leathern thongs fastened to tree trunks, and then relieved of their fetters and released. Whereon, of course, they career about at the length of their tether, vainly hoping to escape. Strange to say, they will all pause in their wild gyrations to eat bananas or other food that is thrown to them. (In the night, however, all escape, by gnawing resolutely through the leather bands which keep them in captivity.)

When the monkeys are disposed of there is still half-an hour or so before sunset, so I induce the natives to sit at my feet and instruct me in their language. Ah! If you knew how difficult it is to collect an accurate vocabulary you would be little disposed to blame travellers from savage regions who return without linguistic information. Think how you have to deal with people who have not the faintest conception of what you are about, except that it somehow has to do with magic, and is therefore not altogether lawful. You are without an interpreter, and can only hold up objects at first, and imply, half by gesture, that you want to know their names. Then as to more intricate questions, what



NATIVE STOREHOUSE AND DWELLING

weary work it is to elicit information, and how delighted one feels when some important doubt is solved, or a new explanation is unconsciously offered of some puzzling phenomena. The language of Kilima-njaro (Ki-Chaga) is one of the Bantu group, which includes nearly all the African tongues south of the Equator. It is one of the prefix-governed tongues, and the forms of its various classes of prefixes are varying, but always show a common ancestral origin. The utmost number of known prefixes is by some computed at sixteen—by Bleck at eighteen, as he includes two *pre*-positions, "ko" and "mo" ("to" and "in") with the regular prefixes. The origin and primary use of these prefixes is still disputed, but we may dimly guess at the original meaning of one or two. Thus, the first and second prefixes, "mu" and "ba," seem perhaps related to the numerals one and two, which in their most archaic form are also "mu" or "mo" and "ba" or "bali."



THE CAPTIVE

Now in the language under consideration all the sixteen classes of prefix (except the twelfth) are represented, but some of them are much altered from the typical form. My object is to obtain examples of them all; but I want particularly to ascertain the form of the eighth prefix (a plural one). Unfortunately I can't ask any

my friends, "What is your eighth prefix?" I should never be understood if I explained for a hundred years. I have to get at it in some other way. "What is this?" I ask, holding up a knife. "Ki-oshu," they reply. "Just so," I reflect, "'ki' is the seventh prefix, and the plural must give the form of the eighth." "How do you say 'many knives'?" I continue; "'ki-oshu' is one, what is for many?" "Shingi" (many), they reply. "No, but many knives?" "Shingi" is again repeated. Then I ask, "See, this is one knife—*ki-oshu kimo* (holding up one finger). What is for two knives?" (holding up two fingers). "Two fingers," they reply, looking up very much puzzled. Then in despair I send for another knife, and placing it beside the original one again, ply them with a question. This only elicits the word for "another;" but, at length, after many disappointments, they are induced to say "'Shi-oshu shivi'" (two knives), which gives me "shiosho" as the plural of "ki-oshu," and consequently *shi* is the form of the eighth prefix, and so on. But half-an hour soon exhausts their mental energies, and they are sent away with a present, while I go to my dinner.

My little table has been laid with a snowy cloth, and the lamp placed on it spreads abroad its soft effulgence. My muddy boots are taken off, and my servant slips my feet into a pair of red morocco slippers that nestle into the skin rug just in front of my camp-chair. A pleasant book is placed at my side, and the gloom of the night and its weird children—the bats and the hawkmoths—are shut out by a heavy curtain, and I feel how pleasant and easy it is, even in Africa, to create an atmosphere of home. Here in three or four days my servants can build me a dwelling, and I can furnish it so that when my door is closed and my thoughts abstracted it needs an effort to realise that the wilderness lies outside.

When my dinner, a meal of three courses—soup, meat, and honey dumplings—is finished, the cloth is cleared, the lamp trimmed, and the door closed for the night. Then for two hours I sit and write my diary, much in fact of what I am re-writing now. But at length my eyelids grow heavy, I find my head nodding over the book, so I relax from my labours, undress, and creep thankfully into my snug little bed. I feel as safe and as much at home as in a well-appointed English inn. Only the occasional wild laugh of a prowling hyæna, slinking round our settlement, or the distant booming roar of the hungry lion, recall to me, almost pleasantly, that I am lodging in the wilds of Africa. But slumber soon intervenes, and thus ends, as far as consciousness is concerned, what my diary has characterised as a "thoroughly, happy day."

Now for the other side of the picture.

AN UNHAPPY DAY

IMAGINE, perhaps a week after the "happy day" herein described, that our relations with Mandara, the Chief of Moshi, have gradually assumed a disagreeable character. The African potentate may have suddenly awakened to the fact that the white man living in his country was not nearly so generous as white men ought to be. Perhaps he may have made a great number of exorbitant demands lately which I have felt compelled to refuse. He may for instance have asked on Monday for my bed, and on Tuesday for my favourite gun, on Wednesday for my despatch-box, and on Thursday for my sketch-book. And on Friday he may be brooding over each successive rebuff. Or perhaps it is some other cause of disappointment. He may be annoyed perhaps at my declining to buy his slaves and war-captives, or be angered at my refusal to send the Zanzibari labourers on my settlement to swell some one of his raiding armies on the western frontier. At any rate, Mandara feels that time has come to assert himself, and show the white man who is the master. Doubtless he is egged on by his worthless Swahili courtiers, who are very jealous and suspicious of my residence in Moshi, imagining that I must have come to spy the workings of the slave trade, and send information to the Consul on the coast of the despatch and destination



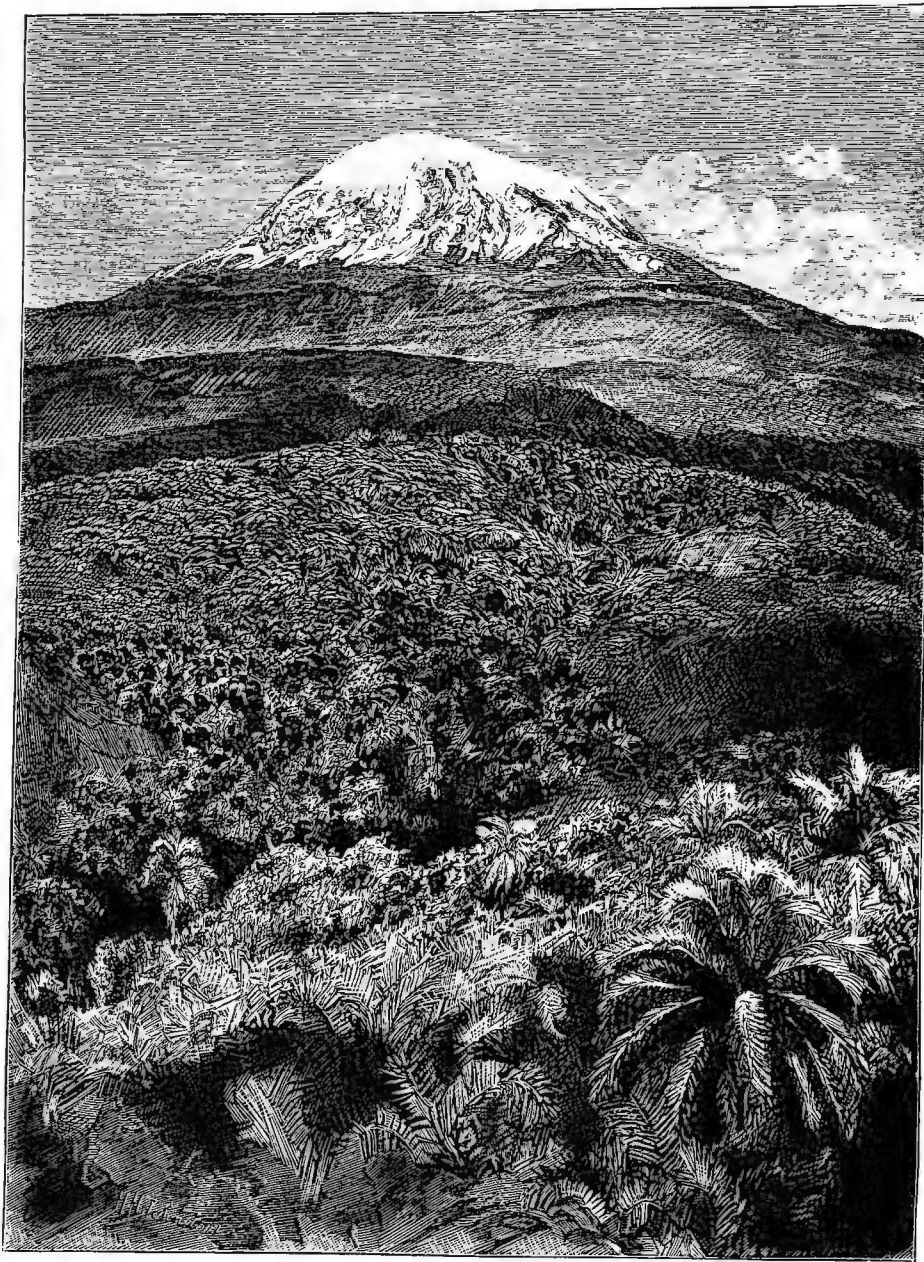
MKINDU PALM

of the various slave caravans. These unscrupulous men, who would gladly see my throat cut and my goods distributed among themselves, are far more dangerous enemies than Mandara at his worst, for that savage has just a vestige of humanity and *bouhomie* mixed with his untutored rapacity, and, moreover, cannot rid himself of a lurking fear lest the English Consul's arm may be long enough and strong enough to strike from the coast to Kilima-njaro and avenge my death, a possibility which the less ignorant Wa-Swahili laugh to scorn. So, perhaps, as Mandara sits in the morning hiccapping over his potations of banana beer, and begins to grumble in his cups about "his" white-man's close-fistedness, the wily councillors gradually work him up from a state of ill-humour into a blind fury. They remind him how the "Baroni" (Baron von der Decken) was mulcted by Mandara's mother of sainted memory, when he ventured to visit Moshi; of how Mandara himself had taken from the "padre" New his gold watch, his silver instrument of unknown use (aneroid), and many other things; how, too, Thomson but a year ago had been forced to give up all the guns and clothes that Mandara had demanded; and yet in all these cases the English Consul had made no remonstrance, nay, rather, had he not sent gifts of powder and lead and cloth to Mandara, and letters expressing friendship? And who was this other white man, to oppose Mandara's wishes and refuse his demands? Thomson had a hundred men and more with him; yet he preferred to give rather than to fight. What, therefore, should this other white man do, who had but ten soldiers? Let Mandara send, therefore, to this stranger in the land, and say, 'Give me this, and this, and this, and I will let you stay here in peace; but if you answer proudly, and refuse me, I will send many soldiers, who shall kill you and all your men, burn your houses, uproot your gardens, and the place shall know you no more. And if the Balozza (Consul) sends to inquire after you, I will say you are gone into the land of the Masai, and perchance they have killed you there.'

This message is no sooner concocted than Mandara is impatient to send it red-hot and see the result. Accordingly, about noon, a naked gentleman, with a broad-bladed shining spear and a monkey-skin head-dress, struts into our settlement with an easy nonchalance of manner which makes an evident impression on the Zanzibaris, for they do not attempt to oppose his passage into my private compound, but allow him to enter unchallenged, plant his spear into the ground with an emphasis that makes it quiver, and stand at ease in a conqueror's pose.

Perhaps my temper has been already ruffled that morning. We may have lost our favourite milch goat or fattest sheep in the night, carried off by hyænas; or I may have suddenly learned that the natives refuse to sell milk, fowls, or other provisions, in obedience to secret orders from their chief. Or, for misfortunes never come singly, my servant may have fallen sick, or my cook have cut off his finger chopping wood. So when I look up from my work, perhaps skinning birds that lend themselves badly to my taxidermist skill, and see the swarthy figure planted in front of my house, I wrathfully cry out to my attendants, "What does this man want here, and why do you let him in without telling me?" Abdallah comes forward, and mildly questions the Chaga warrior as to his purpose. "Words from Mandara," he laconically replies, and then, the interpreter being summoned, proceeds to detail the ultimatum of the Chief—so many guns, barrels of powder, bags of shot, tables, chairs, cups and saucers, knives, forks, and spoons to be handed over at once, together with the greater part of my trade goods, *or*—and then follow Mandara's terrible threats of slaughter and rapine. The purport of this speech I somewhat understand from the occasional words and phrases of Ki-Chaga that are familiar to me, and any doubt as to the import of the threats which close the message is set aside by the man's expressive gesture. When he comes to talk of killing he draws the edge of his dexter finger across his throat, severing in fancy his jugular vein. At the close of his speech the Swahili interpreter repeats all that has been said, striving to exaggerate as much as possible the gruesome nature of the threats, and the advisability of conceding everything asked for. But I have long since made up my mind. To yield to the "Sultan's" demands would entail the loss of all means of defence, of livelihood, and would be the ruin of the expedition. Even if I succeeded

in reaching the coast, it would mean that I had failed in my attempt, and all this would be far worse than the risk of assassination at Mandara's hands, for I knew his moods varied with his potations. So affecting a calm manner which I do not feel I refuse Mandara's demands *in toto*. ("Hatta sindano") "Not even a needle," I add, taking one from my coat lappet and showing it. This reply having been explained to the envoy he withdraws stolidly to repeat it to his master, and I am left alone with my men to discuss the further proceedings to be taken. Of course only the leading men of the caravan are consulted; the rank and file are supposed to be left in ignorance of our danger lest panic should seize them. They know well enough, however, having questioned the Chaga soldier, and now sit in a melancholy group discussing the probability of having their throats cut, and rueing openly the day that their ill fortune brought them to such a country. However, I have finished my confabulations, and now order the men to go about their work as if nothing had happened, or was going to happen. One man is told to go and get firewood.



KILIMA-NJARO SEEN FROM ABOVE MOSHI ("PALMS AND SNOW")

He takes an axe, and reluctantly leaves the timorous group of gossipers, but behold! he has scarcely got a hundred yards from the cleared ground of the settlement, when we see him turning about and hastily retracing his steps, while from the brushwood and fern rise the glinting spears and white head-dresses of Mandara's soldiers. It is then, on going to investigate, that I find we are regularly invested by an irregular ring of armed warriors, who are squatted in the grass and fern, without however any attempt at concealment. They have formed a cordon which they intimate must not be broken until the demands of the "Mangé" (as they call their chief) are satisfied. Though firm in their language they are not uncivil, and are evidently only performing their duty. They are even respectful to me personally, evidently assuming that a quarrel between the white man and their chief is not their affair. We learn from them that Mandara means to try and starve us into submission, that he intends to place these soldiers here to cut us off from all further food supplies. I laugh at this. "What," I ask, "does Mandara know I have eighty fowls, a cow, a calf, four goats, and two sheep, beside a store-house crammed with grain and a garden full of vegetables? Say, how long can we not live on those supplies, and does your chief intend to keep you here for months?" They only

shrug their shoulders indifferently. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die." One man, however, suggests that perhaps if my water supply were cut off at the river head I might not feel so comfortable. I then ask what the other Chaga people would say, whom my little canal also supplies with water? Meanwhile my message, with its decided refusal, has reached Mandara, and we can from our height conjecture somewhat the effect produced. How anxiously our gaze wanders over the intervening valley, and rests on the little cluster of yellow beehive huts which masks Mandara's capital! We have seen the messenger enter the town, and after more than a quarter of an hour's interval he emerges alone, and once more takes the winding hill-path to our settlement. I am affecting to continue my work in my hut, for it would not do to let either my own men or the natives perceive that I am alarmed at the critical state of affairs, but as I stoop over my bird-skins again I hear the clang of a spear-shaft striking the hard ground, and again Mandara's emissary stands before me.

"The Mangé wants to see two of your men," he says.

"I will go myself," I reply, getting my hat and stick.

"No," answers the envoy, "Mandara does not want to see the white man. His heart is bitter. Send two of your servants."

After considerable parleying, for my men naturally feel that it is like entering the lion's den, Abdallah and another Zanzibari volunteer to go on this dangerous errand. Accordingly they set out, secretly armed with revolvers, and accompany the soldier to Mandara's town. Following their progress with my opera-glass I see them enter the native compound, and then ensues an anxious wait before they re-issue and make their way alone back to Kitimbiri. When they enter the settlement I see bad news painted on their lineaments, so I hurry them into my house before they can communicate it to my quaking men. When they are seated in the doorway of my dwelling, their dark bodies like silhouettes against the flaming evening sky, they unfold their ominous tale.

When they had reached Mandara's place, it seems, they found him seated among his councillors and captains in a quivering rage. His one eye gleamed with anger, and his whole frame trembled with convulsive wrath. Speaking slowly and distinctly, evidently trying to keep control over himself, he told them that there was but one ruler in the country, and that one he. It sufficed for him to send an order to the white man and it must be instantly obeyed, or the throat of every man in the settlement should be cut. "What," he exclaimed, "do I care for his Consul or his Queeny? Have I not a thousand soldiers? Go and tell him!" The men crept away from the precincts of the irate monarch thoroughly cowed, but they were not gone far before he sent to recall them. On again entering his presence, Mandara assailed them with imprecations and horrible threats, and dismissed them a second time, summoned them back again, hurled at them hoarsely more vituperation, and finally bade them hurry to my presence and inform me what they had heard.

This they are in no way loth to do, fearing, indeed, for their lives in this assemblage of warriors armed to the teeth, whom a word from their chief would precipitate on any victim of his wrath. I suspect, even when I hear their terrified account, that this scene was a good bit of clever acting on Mandara's part, meant to have its due effect on me by the panic it should produce among my men.

At any rate, as we sit in the gloom of the early night still discussing our situation, my dinner untouched on the table, and, to judge from the gleam of their watch fires in the bush, the soldiers of Mandara still encircling us, the prospect seems a sufficiently sombre one. Nor does the night bring a temporary truce to my anxieties. I find it difficult to compose myself to sleep, for my brain is continually forming projects for escaping secretly from Mandara's country, and yet carrying away somehow my fifty-eight loads of goods; a well-nigh impossible feat to accomplish with ten men. Every sudden noise from the bush, the anxious whispers from my watching men, the distant blowing of a horn, or firing of a gun makes me start from bed wide awake and dreading a midnight attack from the savages. And when towards dawn I find a short forgetfulness in fitful dozing, it is but to awake on a morrow of similar anxiety, nor do the days of happiness and peace return till Mandara's hostility and avarice have been dissipated by patient resistance on my part and a fickle temperament on his.

II. II. JOHNSTON



DRAWN BY F. DADD

There he stood, the wind waving his grey beard on one side, his great horns describing slow arcs against the sky."

A LEAP FOR LIFE:

A STORY OF THE HIMALAYAS

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

I.

"WE WILL TRY THE WEST CLIFF TO-DAY, I think, Frank; the markhor are sure to be round on that side for shelter after yesterday's snow and east wind."

"Yes; and the walking on the eastern spurs would be nasty, too, after the snow. You take the spurs below the cliff, and I will work along the top. They are sure to be down below; but still I may get any you send up, and I should be glad of an easy walk to-day; my feet are sore. Ugh! how cold it is! I don't seem to care about getting up."

"Nonsense; show a leg," I replied, throwing off the blankets and springing out on to the floor with a mighty effort, for the cold was truly intense.

My brother Frank and I had fixed a rendezvous for the Christmas holidays on the top of Surghur (the Red Hill). He was a cavalry officer, his regiment being stationed at Peshawur, on the western frontier. I was the civil officer in charge of the district in which is situated the isolated mountain named Surghur. I call it isolated, though it is really joined to the main frontier range by a low ridge, some twenty miles in length. Along this ridge arrive, every September and October, the mighty old markhors from the great mountains to the west. The markhor is one of the species of mountain goat which inhabit the Asiatic ranges, and, to my thinking, the noblest, as he certainly is the wariest, of them all. An old markhor buck, with his majestic flowing beard, and the mighty spiral horns, sometimes forty inches and more in direct length, branching skywards as he stands contemplative on a pinnacle of rock, is a sight to make the sportsman's heart beat. Talk of the lover's emotion at the sight of his beloved long torn from him by envious fate! What is that to the sensations of the hunter as he raises his head inch by inch over the last ridge up to which, with intense alternations of hope and fear, he has stalked by incredible pains and labour? There right in front of him, airily balanced with all four feet drawn together upon six inches of rock, looking towards him with vacant eyes, focussed upon his companion left in full view a quarter of a mile behind, is that majestic head, the noblest he has ever seen! (It always appears the noblest under such circumstances.) For one intense moment his heart beats wildly with an emotion for which love has no parallel. Then, steadying himself with a prodigious effort, he draws the bead—But enough of this. Such supreme moments are few, and chequered with many keen disappointments, and attained, when attained,

with infinite labour and much danger. The thought of them is enough to lead the real sportsman to encounter these willingly, nay eagerly; but he sometimes gets into sad scrapes. One of these that befell me I am about to describe.

My brother and I met by appointment on the 22nd December, 18—, at the foot of Surghur. He came so far by boat down the Indus, bringing nothing but his clothes, his rifle, and his servant. I awaited him with everything else that was necessary. The time was selected, because the few days at Christmas are the only consecutive holidays which a civil officer has in the winter, and in the summer the old bucks return to the main range; though the females and young males remain on Surghur all the year round. Moreover in summer the labour of walking the cliffs is very severe. Thus, on the evening of the 22nd of December, we rode up the hill in an east wind, so bitter that we could hardly endure the cold as our ponies scrambled along up the difficult path. Our unhappy Indian servants, who followed on mules, arrived so frozen that we had to lift them off and drag them into the hut, at which we intended making our headquarters. Having got on ahead, we had time to collect wood and light a fire in anticipation of their arrival, and it was only after we had dropped them, helpless, inanimate bundles, in front of this fire, and thawed them with hot tea, that they were able to make feeble preparations to give us dinner. We had with us, besides the three Indian servants, two Afghan huntsmen who knew the hill, and two Afghan muleteers. These were hardy fellows enough, and with their aid we soon collected an ample supply of fire-wood from the dry bushes around, and pitched the little tent we had with us, just large enough to hold both our beds, or rather both our beddings, for we slept on the ground. The huntsmen then went down to the water in the ravine below the hut and fetched up a supply in two leather bags; the muleteers built up a wall of stones to afford an additional lee for themselves and the mules and ponies behind the hut; and the hut itself was given up as cook-room and as the abode of the shivering Indians. By the time these preparations were completed our care for the servants' comfort was rewarded by the appearance of a good hot dinner, improvised, under every conceivable difficulty of *cuisine*, in a manner only known to the Indian cook. And then we turned in, and smoked our pipes and drank our grog between the blankets. The next day we shouldered our rifles, and worked the upper ridges of the hill without success. The following day the east wind brought snow while we were on the lower eastern spurs, and we got back to our quarters with considerable difficulty. All Christmas

Day it snowed in squalls, and we did not attempt to go out, but that evening the wind fell, the snow clouds cleared off, and when morning broke, bright and clear, I sprang out of my warm nest and dragged off Frank's blankets. "For," said I, "to-day we must circumvent the grey beards, and we'll find them all there under the western cliff."

We ate a speedy breakfast and started off, each man with his Afghan huntsman. Frank was to cross the ravine below us, and to climb up the opposite slope to the crest of the long range of cliffs overlooking the plains to the west and south-west. I, on the other hand, had to descend the ravine and to come out below the cliffs, and work thence along the spurs which jutted out from their foot; thus hunting in some degree parallel to Frank; far below him, however, and of course generally out of sight. After a long scramble I reached my ground. Going down the ravine I had come across a herd of mountain sheep, but the heads were small, and I was not to be diverted from the noble quarry I had in view. I could not, indeed, afford time for the stalk, nor was I willing to risk disturbing the hill by firing a shot. Another sportsman was abroad, however, who was not so nice, and I saw the leopard whose stalk I had disturbed slink up the side of a ravine on the track of the retreating herd. He had not seen me, nor indeed had the herd, which had merely been disturbed, not frightened, by the sound of a rolling stone. As I observed him gliding up a chasm not two hundred yards off, the temptation was intense to send a bullet after him; but the shot was not a certainty, and I refrained. The poaching vagabond! I am happy to say that Frank bagged him afterwards, nearly in the same place. When at last I debouched on the western face of the mountain it was past eleven o'clock, and the sun, even at that season, the coldest of the year, and notwithstanding the elevation of some four thousand feet, was beating powerfully upon the rocks. The scene was savage, but with a certain beauty of its own. Above me to my left rose a wall of rock, or rather a succession of such walls, broken irregularly by steps or ledges. These ledges, which looked flat by contrast with the sheer perpendicular rock above and below them, but which really were generally sharply sloped, afforded paths for the markhor to frolic along the face of the cliffs; but no other foot save theirs or the lammergeyers' could hope to abide on those sheets of rock, steep as a pent roof, and covered with the loose *débris* of the cliff above them. Here and there passages like funnels, cut in the face, or generally in angles, of the cliffs, by rain drainage streaming from above, afford the passages by which the markhor could mount from

one ledge to the other, and to the top of the cliffs. Also occasional faults in the rock, diagonal, vertical, and horizontal, afforded the means whereby an animal like the markhor, destitute of a centre of gravity, could get about the face of the cliffs. In these faults and on these ledges, or on the sides of the funnels, grew here and there thorn bushes, or even gnarled stumpy trees of the wild olive, holding on with desperate tenacity by roots forced into the crevices of the rock. At the foot of the lowest wall of the cliff jutted at regular intervals spurs of *detritus*, washed down from the cliffs above, and steeply sloping to the buttresses, of similar but more ancient construction, that seemed to support this titanic wall, which frowned down over the heads of the lower hills and ravines below on to the broad expanse of alluvial plain. These spurs were comparatively safe and easy to ascend and descend, but to follow the foot of the cliff along the plane in which they abutted against it, necessitated traversing between the spurs, ledges of rock, or slopes of shale, affording most precarious footing. Nevertheless, this was the route to follow, in view to search the face of the cliff, and to meet the markhor whom my brother's passage along the crest would cause to descend from the upper ledges.

We addressed ourselves to the task. Hard work it was and dangerous; occasionally descending some way down a spur to attain a possible means of passage to the next; then gingerly creeping into the re-entering angle and round it. First one makes good his footing in a nasty place, the rifle is handed to him, and the other follows. Again, when it is some sloping ledge covered with shale, where to dwell upon the step is death, the active Afghan draws a long breath and rushes it, closely followed by the Englishman treading lightly in his steps. From time to time we slip off our sandals on a bit of sloping, slippery rock—the Afghan trusting to his naked feet, the Englishman wetting the sole of his leather stockings from the little water-bag which is carried by every hunter in these arid hills. And so we go along, at each turn of the cliff carefully scrutinising the next face before placing ourselves in view. The markhor are there as we anticipated. Here and there we detect them far up upon the ledges, or are made aware of their presence by a rattle and roll of small stones sent down by their feet. Now and again a crash and bustle on the far side of the spur, as we come round it, tells us that some does have rushed madly down it towards the ravines below. But we do not heed this, for the old bucks can only be on the cliffs; such greybeards scorn the easy footing, or mistrust the accessibility, of any ground save the ledges of the rocks. At last we come to a great outstanding angle or promontory of the cliff. Here the west and south faces meet at a sharp angle, and the bold outline of the rock has a distinct resemblance, when looked at from below, to the stern profile of the Iron Duke, England's hero of the field of Waterloo. The hither side of the spur which continues the precipice at this point is a wall, or skrea, of small shale, which looks as if no human foot should rest thereon. But, with nerve and confidence, it is possible to traverse it; for the foot sinks in, as in soft snow, and forms its own foothold,—although, like snow in a similar position, the whole slope is apt to get in motion if the passer-by should dwell on his step. My Afghan has run lightly across, and is peering cautiously round the corner. After observing him for a minute I come to the conclusion that he can see no game, and am half-way across, following him, when I am stopped by a sharp hiss, and look up. He is waving me frantically back. The momentary pause has already started the skrea, and in another moment I shall be away on an avalanche of the *debris*. I turn sharply and plunge back, slipping lower at each bound with the moving mass. However, I succeed in gaining the spur that I had left, and the Afghan, rushing back above me, gains it almost at the same time; while with a rustle and then a rush and then a roar, the surface of small stones thus started in motion slides into the abyss below. We meanwhile fly round the angle of the spur, and crouch breathless behind a huge boulder. Then I look up, for I know what must be coming, though I can hardly credit such extraordinary fortune; and the Afghan's eyes are fastened in glittering expectancy on the extreme tip of the Duke of Wellington's nose.

I cocked my rifle and waited. It seemed an age, but cannot have been more than three or four minutes, before there stood on that extreme projection the noble head of my dreams—such a markhor as I had hitherto seen only in fancy. There he stood, the wind waving his grey beard on one side, his great horns describing slow arcs against the sky as he deliberately looked this way and that, surveying the cliff side in front and the spurs below him before trusting himself to continue his route. I had already estimated the distance at 200 yards, and observing that if I allowed him to advance a few yards along the ledge he would be hidden by the angle of the spur on which I stood until he reappeared right above me—where, of course, he would at once perceive me, and I should have only a snap shot—I had determined to fire at him on the projection. Nevertheless, with the rifle at my shoulder, I was so paralysed by the magnificence of the game that I could not press the trigger till he was just going to move again. Then I pulled, but the shot was slightly flurried, and as I heard the clap of the bullet and saw the buck sink to his knees my heart sank, for I knew I had not killed. He recovered himself in a moment, and turned. I sent the second barrel after him, but it was no distance for snap-shooting, and I heard the bullet strike the rock as his white stern disappeared round the angle. For one short moment life seemed dark and joyless, but my Afghan was the first to recover himself. His was not the wounded *amour propre* of the sportsman, but the keen hunger for meat, and for such hunger while there is blood there is hope. "Come along, sir, he has it hard, and we'll get him yet," and the gaunt wiry mountaineer flies across the skrea into the re-entering angle, and has traversed the opposite face before I have dejectedly slipped cartridges into my discharged barrels. I join him, and we scan the face of the cliff beyond the Duke's chin. The ledge followed by the markhor slopes gradually upward into the dry waterfall bed, which forms the junction, some distance off, of the face of the cliff that we are examining, with that which juts out to another great promontory, bounding our view to the south. As we carefully follow the ledge with our eyes we see emerge from behind a slight projection which had hitherto hidden his progress, the wounded buck, travelling briskly along on three legs, some 300 yards distant. The glasses soon revealed that his near foreleg hung loose, but, as far as it could be seen, intact, evidently broken at the shoulder; my bullet had been planted just too low. "We shall get him, sir," whispered the excited Afghan. "He cannot travel far on these ledges upon three legs. He will stop in that watercourse." We watched him accordingly till he disappeared in the torrent bed, and, as the Afghan anticipated, he did not reappear on the other side. What was to be done? The only possible course appeared to be for us to follow the cliff foot to the waterfall and endeavour to climb it—trusting to a snap shot when we put up the markhor. But first he must be allowed to get cool, and his wound to stiffen, so we sat down to wait, and discussed the stalk. The Afghan knew the watercourse, and so did I, though not so well. Looked down from above it was sheer precipice, overhanging indeed, so that water pouring down from the head fell clear for the first hundred feet or so. Below that again it was a mere funnel, as far as I could recollect hopelessly impracticable, but in its lower course, so the Afghan declared, there was slope enough for boulders to lie; and where boulders could lie man could go.

After half an hour's delay we recommenced our progress. As far as the ravine travelling was sufficiently easy, and we soon arrived there. The markhor lay, as far as we could judge, some three hundred feet

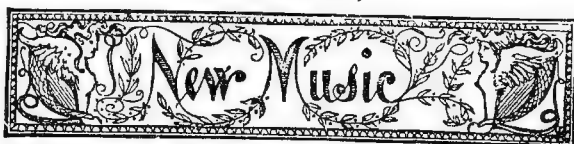
of perpendicular distance above us. We turned up the water-course, and found it at first practicable enough. Boulders certainly lay there, but so slightly supported that it seemed as if a touch would start them, and we climbed very slowly, and with exceeding care. Presently the boulders became fewer; we were simply travelling on the naked rock, broken and cut out sufficiently by the action of the torrent and falling stones to afford good foothold. Here and there were ledges and thickets of bushes. In one of these the markhor must lie, and we moved with every faculty on the stretch. Higher and higher yet; surely we must be near the place. Yes, there was the ledge by which he had come—not fifty feet above us. How close he must be lying not to have started ere this. Perhaps, after all, he was mortally hit, and is dead. "Look out, sir!" cried the Afghan, and shrank close up to the wall of the rock on the right, squeezing himself into a compass inconceivably small, under shelter of the gnarled, projecting root of a wild olive, which there had somehow grappled to the cliff side. I had barely time to throw myself against the opposite side, pushing myself up to it with my rifle-butt, from the rocky projection on which I had been standing, when a boulder, alighting with a crash on a ledge a few yards above, sprang out again, and touched at its next bound that very projection, and thence thundered down the ravine.

My foothold being insufficient, I was clutching with my left hand a point of rock, and this saved me from following the boulder; for the wind, as I thought, of its passage pushed my rifle-butt off its support. But as I recovered my footing and threw the weapon to the trail I found the grip was bruised; the boulder had actually grazed it as it passed. I thought little of the boulder fall, a thing not uncommon on the mountains, and was ruefully inspecting the damage, when my Afghan, whose eyes were everywhere, grasped me tightly by the arm, pointing upwards. There was the cause; our wounded buck, some two hundred feet above, was just turning out of the watercourse on to the face of the precipice along a ledge. As my rifle came to my shoulder he was fairly on the ledge, and hidden from our view by its edge—his progress only being marked by the occasional falling pebbles that he dislodged and sent rattling down. "Never mind, sir," cried my hunter, his eyes glittering with excitement; "where a three-legged markhor can go we can go, or, at any rate, we will try."

It was a mad proposal, but my heart was very sore within me, and I swore under my breath that it should not be for a trifle that such a head should escape me this day. The watercourse appeared practicable up to the point at which the markhor had left it—at least practicable enough to blood so heated as ours. So I nodded, and the Afghan went on. We soon passed the spot in a thicket where the markhor had been lying. There was a pool of blood, but it was cold, and he had evidently left the place many minutes aroused by some vague suspicion, and, stationed on some ledge further up, had been watching our progress till he thought it was time to move. We reached his point of vantage presently, and saw how it was that a turn in the watercourse had screened him from our view, though, of a truth, we had not been scanning very attentively the upper course of the channel beyond where we expected to find the buck lying—for the difficulties of our progress had kept our eyes very much upon the ground before our feet. We continued our route. At one point the watercourse narrowed and steepened to a mere funnel for several feet. Up this the Afghan shinned, and then let down the end of his turban, to which I tied the rifle for him to haul up. I then followed, and a nasty progress it was; facing outwards into space, with elbows and knees pressed tightly against the sides of the funnel, and jerking myself upwards by spasmodic efforts of the shoulders and loins. Near the top the Afghan seized me by the collar, and helped me up to the ledge on which he stood, and, as I looked back from thence to the spur below, along the apparently perpendicular staircase by which we had climbed, a momentary chill came over me at the thought of how we were ever to get back again, for descending is very different to ascending, especially when in cold blood, and fatigued.

However, my thoughts returned to the markhor, and hesitation vanished. We were within a few steps of the point where he had left the watercourse, and we climbed up abreast of his ledge. It looked practicable enough, but how were we to get there, for it died out while yet some ten feet distant from the edge of the channel in which we stood, and the face of the rock swelled out between? There was certainly a projection on that face, and to that, evidently, the markhor had sprung, and from thence to the ledge; but no human foot could ever dare to poise itself on such a projection, no human nerve could even venture such a spring. The Afghan solved the difficulty. Just a few feet above, a crack sufficiently deep to afford finger hold left the edge of the watercourse slanting downwards round the bulging rock towards the ledge. He took my rifle, hung it over his back, climbed up till he got hold of the rift, and then swung himself round the projection out of my sight as I followed him up the channel. There could be no hesitation after that, so I clutched on to the rift and started after him spread-eagled on the rock. It was a queer sensation to hang thus between heaven and earth, swarming round a smooth rock face, uncertain whether I should find footing on the other side, or whether perhaps the Afghan had not missed the ledge and disappeared down an abyss, where I must follow him. As I struggled along one of my sandals—which I had carried in my hand from the time of swarming up the funnel, escaped from me, and slid past me down the rock. Its silent flight sent a thrill through me, for I hung an instant to catch the sound of its fall, and none came—so sheer was the wall below. Then I set my teeth and struggled on, and a moment after I felt my feet grasped and directed to a resting place on the ledge. "Never mind the sandal, sir, take off even your stockings, we shall want all our toes and fingers here," whispered the hunter; and he supported me as I stripped off the leather stockings, which tender-footed Englishmen wear with sandals among these rocks, and tucked them into my waistbelt. Then he gave me back the rifle, and we continued our way along the ledge.

(To be continued)



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—The two latest publications in "Novello's Original Octavo Edition" are important additions to the musical *répertoire* of cultivated choral societies; the one is sacred, the other is secular, but both are admirable examples of their schools. John Sebastian Bach's grand motet for five voices, "Jesu, Priceless Treasure" ("Jesu, Meine Freude") was edited and marked for the use of the Bach Choir, 1885. The English version is taken, with modifications, from the Choral Book for England; the rest of the work is translated and adapted by W. Bartholomew. We can cordially recommend this motet not only to special admirers of the Grand Old Master, but also to all who can appreciate good music.—"The Minstrel's Curse," a well-known German poem by Ludwig Uhland, freely translated into English by Miss G. E. Troutbeck, has been set to music for *soli* and chorus by Robert Schumann with his usual skill and power; it deserves a good place in a choral concert programme, and will well repay the amount of careful study required for its execution.—The Morning and Evening Service, together with the Office for the Holy Communion, set to music in the key of E, by G. M. Garrett, M.A., Mus. Doc., will be

welcomed in those churches where the voices are well balanced, and the choir is able not only to read but to sing well; it has some difficult points, but as a whole runs very smoothly.—We have before us some twenty numbers of "Novello's Tonic Sol-Fa Series," which has already arrived at No. 270, and deserves to prosper, as it is calculated to well serve the purpose for which it is published, namely, to assist that large section of the public who can sing a tune by ear, but cannot master the staff notation. Amongst the pieces sent to us are Joseph Barnby's popular anthem "Sing and Rejoice" (250), "But the Lord is Mindful," from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* (254), and, in fact all the principal compositions, sacred and secular, by composers of repute, ancient and modern, which can possibly be asked for.—Of a lighter description, but all the more likely to win popularity, are "Songs of the Forest," a series of six very pleasing duets for *soprani*, especially suited for the present season, written and composed by Edward Oxenford and John Kinross.—Vol. VI. of "Novello's Collection of Trios and Quartettes for Female Voices," contains no less than seventeen of Carl Reinecke's compositions, all more or less meritorious, together with some good examples of Franz Abt's, H. Marschner, A. H. Behrend, and A. Hamerick's work; we can conscientiously commend this neatly got-up volume to the heads of schools and colleges as well as to the home circle.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—Three songs, published each one in three keys, written and composed by Spencer Henry and Edmund Rogers, are "A Whispered 'Yes,'" a pleasing little love ditty; "All in All," a tale of true and lasting affection; and "To Arms!" a fairly good addition to the publications on the theme which has, and still continues, to occupy universal interest.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.—Again we come upon a martial song, "In the Ranks of Glory," words by H. Vincent Barwell, music by Harry Dancey; it is of an ordinary type.—The fanciful frontispiece to a series of easy pieces for juvenile performers, entitled "Pretty Trifles," will catch and charm the young folks' eyes, and the tunes will please their ears and keep their attention. S. Claude Ridley possesses the gift of writing simple and tuneful melodies. "Annie's Mazurka" and "Eddie's Galopade" are easy, but will not have so many admirers as "Charlie's Holiday" and "Edith's Wedding;" the greatest favourites will be "The Crew of the *Betsy Jane*" and "Willie's Tarantella."

MISCELLANEOUS.—Two more warlike songs again come to the fore: "Comrades Still," written and composed by G. A. Paris and W. H. Jude, is of medium compass (Felix Peck); and "Our Watchword," words by H. Leonard Cleere, music by W. C. Levey (S. Dacre Clarke and Co.). Both are moderately well-written and composed, but it is time that we had a rest from such like compositions with which the publishing world is flooded.—"Beatrice" is a very charming gavotte for the pianoforte by Celian Kottaun. It has on the frontispiece a very good portrait of our Princess Beatrice from a photograph by Mr. A. Bassano; a long career may be anticipated for this piece (Messrs. Francis Bros.).

NOTES AT LYNMOUTH AND LYNTON



STAIRCASE ON CASTLE ROCK

IT IS A PLEASANT TRIP by boat from Portishead to Lynmouth; the Somerset coast is picturesque, the fortified island and passing ships interesting, the sea-air bracing. But with the last half-hour headlands become monotonous: each one we fondly hope is the last. Not until Countisbury Foreland is rounded, and we steam slowly into smooth water, do we quite regain our content. For we have now arrived at one of England's loveliest spots; fronting us is "the mountain rising from a lake," with Lynmouth's white cottages and Rhenish tower at its base, and four hundred feet higher, on the dark hill side, the church and villas of Lynton.

As soon as the signal indicating the number of our passengers has been hoisted to the masthead, two broad punts row up, and being hooked to the rolling steamer, rapidly receive a miscellaneous freight of boxes, bags, shawls, umbrellas, and visitors. "A bookcase will always hold another book," and boats are equally elastic, for when we deemed our craft already overlaid, another bag would bump upon our back, another matron tumble in our midst. The gunwale neared the water, but the boatmen smiled and feared not—they were excellent swimmers. Should the tide be out we must land at the wall by the salmon trap, and pick our way over the stones up stream. For the Lyn rivers have met at the bridge above, and mingling their music under valiant bushes, wind over the beach in one channel to the sea. Stands of alpenstocks in the village shops suggest the chief amusement of our English Switzerland. No jetty or broad sands to promenade, but wooded hills and crag-topped slopes to climb, while above are the wide and breezy downs.

The sheer ascent of Lyn Cliff, a projecting spur of the Tors, divides two river valleys. The West Lyn falls four hundred feet in its last half-mile down a deep, precipitous gorge, above whose dark walls of fir and oak coppice the narrow'd sky seems but a blue reflex of the stream. It is a gradation of shimmering cascades and glistening pools well arched with leafy sprays. Romantic paths descend by hollow thickets to moss-bound dells, where ferns abound with fronds of palest green. Wild flowers and ferns and bramble clothe the banks; ferns wave in shadowy caves and droop from rocks: 'tis a fairyland of falls and ferns, perhaps loveliest by moonlight, before the dawn has scared Doyle's sportive pixies.

The East Lyn, flowing nearly parallel with the coast, is larger, wilder, more varied in its surroundings than its prettier but less natural sister stream. Save where contracting hills close in upon the ravine (with the rushing water in its depths sounding like the wind among forest-leaves) its course is comparatively open. It is cleared also in places by pruning of trees, so that anglers may more freely whip the pools; though happily the interwoven branches still remain to veil in twilight the few sylvan reaches. From the first green island to its last thorny wilderness every picturesque combination of rock and wood and water can be found, by general consent culminating at the junction of Coombe and Brendon's falling waters—beautiful Watersmeet.

But only to the pedestrian and artist is the full beauty of this tract revealed. Their orisons cease but with the day; and at eventide in the snug inn parlour they make open confession. Round our table were Englishmen, a German, and a gay mercurial Italian.

"I'm surprised, Signor, at your leaving the rich colouring of Venetian life for the colder tints of England."

"O, I'm so fond of grey, and it's here everywhere. And I like your institutions—the men are good-natured, and the ladies of fresh complexion and charming. I admire everything here but the training of your girls. They use not the needle, they learn not to cook; but they all paint in water-colours, and eternally they tink, tink, on the piano. And the big girls, in their homes, they smoke cigarettes and drink gin and water."

"You are mistaken there, Signor, I assure you."

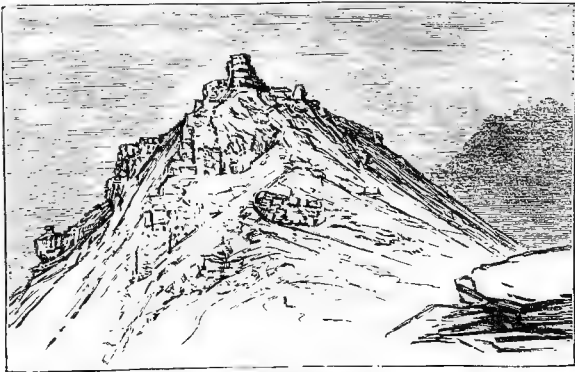
"I fear not; a friend of observation profound assures me, and I am sorry, for your girls are truly charming. But Sir, how is your arm?"

"Better thank you. That bite has lost me two days' work; by wearing bracken in one's hat, midges can be kept off, but the grey fly is incorrigible, one must quit the valleys or endure him."

"Soh! Sir, a native six foot tall he told to-day to me that his father was a taller man as me, his grandfather taller much more, and that the men of his hills were the time before of much force and grander, as John Ridd in the 'Lorna Doone,' and walked the country all over for many times to wrestle in the matches. Do you believe that the Englishmen are not so big than before?"

"Well, Herr Heinrich, I've read that previous to that Eglinton Tournament in which Napoleon III. took part, Branspeth Castle and other country seats were visited in search of suits of armour, and few could be found capacious enough for modern knights."

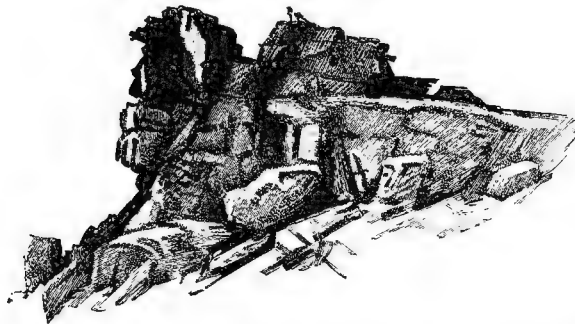
The North Walk, a promenade of which Lynton may be justly proud, is a continuation of the steep zigzag that mounts from the beech. Belting the sea-face of the hill it enters the Valley of Rocks between Ragged Jack and Castle Cliff. Through this pass, described by Southey as "a narrow vale between two ridges of



RAGGED JACK

hills," the circuit of the hill may be completed. Scattered everywhere among the thick bracken are fragments and masses of rock—reddened with veins of ironstone, stained with the vivid green of lichens, bright with vermillion stonewort, each ivied stone is in itself a study. The hill tops of the southern wall are crowned with masses of natural masonry, not unlike ruined forts, while the opposing range is a succession of jagged precipitous ridges, whose horizontal strata, splitting into square and crystalloid blocks, and moulded by the atmosphere of ages, has assumed most strangely imitative forms. Every one knows the Devil's Cheesewring (ancient cheese-press) Ragged Jack, and the Castle Rock. The profile of Jack's head curiously illustrates Wordsworth's lines:—

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endowed with sense;
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock reposes, there to sun itself.



But the Castle Rock is the lion of Lynton, and hither from Bristol and Ilfracombe comes the ubiquitous excursionist, his trail littered with greasy luncheon papers. By sauntering up an easy track, terminating in a rough staircase (latter-day luxuries; Southey speaks of ascending to the highest point with some toil), a magnificent panoramic view of the Severn Sea and the hilly coast of Wales expands before us. Eight hundred feet below lies Ringcliff Cove, enclosed on its western side by the towered steep of Duty Point. On the landward slope of this headland is the site of the mansion built by Von Whichalse, a Flemish Protestant refugee of the 16th century, whose descendants figure in "Lorna Doone." Tradition asserts that a daughter of the house, betrayed by a courtier of James II., threw herself from the cliff; whereupon the enraged



DEVIL'S CHEESEWRING

father joined Monmouth's rebellion, and attempting, after Sedgemoor, to escape the country with his family, perished in a storm at sea. From Ringcliff Cove, by clambering over the huge boulders below the Rock, the Castle caves may be entered.

Following the coast line to Porlock, we pass the deep thickly-woodedcombe of Culborne. From above it is an entanglement of boughs and leaves, yet underneath this foliage-screen lies a green half-shadowed glade, in it a quiet grave-yard and time-stained quaint old church—the smallest in England.

"While you are sketching I'll tickle for trout," said our companion, stretching himself on the nettles by the brook, "the fish in the little cool caves under the bank can be mesmerised by continual movement of the fingers, and are easily brought out. All our streams and rivers abound with trout; salmon too, come up the East Lyn: I landed a twenty-pounder last autumn."

"But salmon-tickets are costly!"

"Oh, I never have a ticket. If in my walks I sight a fish, I jump into the water and give chase; through bright deep pools, by frowning ridges, up foaming falls we go, until from some pebbly shallow I fling him to the bank."

"And get fined for your pains."

"Well, it has happened so, but one finds consolation in the glory of the chase . . . and stolen pleasures are sweetest. But red-deer hunting has more thrilling episodes. In autumn, when the hounds are out, we keep watch from our garden on the hill; for a stag if hard-pressed will sometimes leave the Exmoor downs, dash along the foreland, and leap boldly from some cliff-buttress into the sea."

"And escape!"

"No, Lynmouth boatmen are soon up with him, and the poor beast, exhausted by the buffeting of the waves, has a rope flung over his antlers, and is towed ashore. He should be given his freedom after his gallant struggle, but is killed all the same, and if the dogs be young, maybe by them."

The return journey may be commenced by coach, over the hills, and down steep Devonshire lanes to Barnstaple; or by the cliff road to Minehead. And thence by rail to London and "its smoke-tumult."

H. R. D.



"MRS. KEITH'S CRIME" (2 vols. : Bentley and Son) is a novel of unusual power, and demands exceptional attention. The situation to which it leads up, the nature of which readers must in fairness be left to learn for themselves, is hideous in the last extreme—so hideous that only power of an exceedingly rare and high order could merge its ghastliness in its pathos. The motive of this altogether remarkable book is the passionate love of a mother for her child. Until the appalling catastrophe in which this culminates, this is developed in a manner so exceptionally natural as to be for that very reason novel and original. Mrs. Keith's Molly is a perfectly real child, who is made interesting because of, and not in spite of, her being nothing out of the common. Other instances of this gift of making portraiture profoundly interesting by dint of simple fidelity are to a still greater extent to be found in Frederic Cohen and Mrs. Greenside. Frederic Cohen is a Jew of a type that, despite its frequent and striking actuality, has never yet found its way into fiction. He will be recognised by the thousand, in his racial peculiarities and humours, and in the generous virtues which these are apt to disguise. The Jew in fiction has usually hitherto been treated with scanty intelligence or justice by the realists, and with ignorant extravagance by the romancers. Frederic Cohen represents the exact middle point where the truth lies, for the first time: and Mrs. Greenside, in her less important rôle, is of similar excellence. What, at a first reading, seems a fault of the book is a monotony of colouring, or of attempting to make a single string of the instrument do the work of all four. But this proves, if it be a fault, to be one of a genuinely artistic kind, bringing out the catastrophe all the more strongly and luridly from the monotony of the preceding music, or of the sombre back ground, whichever simile may be preferred. A second reading could well be borne by the book, if so tragic a strain could be endured by a reader of ordinary capacity for emotion. Altogether, a novel of the calibre of "Mrs. Keith's Crime" has become a rarity: and even its catastrophe can be almost pardoned for the sake of its pathos and of its power.

The author, or authoress, of "Thy Name is Truth" has, in "The Dawn of Day" (3 vols. J. and R. Maxwell), continued upon the same lines of sympathy with the social movements of the day on which she started with a fair amount of success. The same vein of earnestness is maintained, and the same capacity for describing social problems: and it must be admitted that such descriptions, if not very valuable in themselves, are at any rate a first and necessary step towards solutions. Among a mass of tall talk, and crude sentiment, a very considerable number of characters stand out with a quite sufficient air of life to attract attention, and to leave more or less mark upon the memory. They have, moreover, an unusual variety of range for a book of "views." Bill Sutton, for example, a democratic boot-maker, and Mrs. Lurt, the rough-rinded lodging-house landlady with a soft heart, are original renderings of types that might be considered too conventional and well-used to leave much margin for novelty. Fresh in conception as well as in treatment are the hero's exceedingly charming Quaker cousins; and there is pathos, if less originality, in blind Dick Townley. Stage life is also touched upon, but very much less successfully than other matters. The idea that a grown-up young woman requires only a few weeks' education to become a *première danseuse*, and could be engaged without having had any education in it at all, on the recommendation of the theatrical boot-maker, does not come from knowledge. The author's apparent self-appreciation will not be shared by many readers; but nevertheless the general estimate will doubtless be, as is deserved, quite sufficiently favourable.

Mr. Black's volume entitled "The Wise Women of Inverness" (Macmillan and Co.) is indeed a very interesting volume of Miscellanies. First, giving its title to the book, comes a tale of Highland superstition, in which grim beliefs and sorceries of the dark ages are mingled with modern conditions in a delightfully weird and grotesque fashion. Then come "Rhymes by a Deerstalker," reprinted mostly from "White Heather," of very unequal merit, but rising, at their best, to really first-rate imitations of old Scots ballads and songs, whereof a large measure of the difficult secret has been taught to Mr. Black by sympathy. "A Gossip about the West Highlanders" is as appreciative and pleasantly instructive to the benighted Englishman, who is so oddly supposed never to know or to understand the most obvious national characteristics, as anything from Mr. Black's hand could not fail to be on so congenial a theme. "A Few Days' More Driving" has unintentional pathos. "Our Bell," of "Phaeton" memories, now become a matron, takes part in a coaching drive through the South of England; and, brightly as the

little sketch is written, we are made to feel, only too completely, that the old flavour of romance and poetry that environed "Our Bell," while still young and unmarried, is gone. Everything has turned so flat and become so vulgarised that the reader himself is made to feel old, and to regret the days that are no more. A slight Irish story completes a volume which, in its course, runs into many keys of sentiment, and gives a higher idea of its author's versatility than any of his works of greater pretension.

"Kotaka: a Samurai's Daughter" by J. Morris, published in a shilling edition by Wyman and Sons, answers little enough to its description as a Japanese tale. It is that, no doubt, in form, dealing with the loves and experiences of fictitious characters: but it is mainly something much better, being a minute and realistic account of Japanese country life "in the pleasing simplicity," as the author says, "with which it burst upon the view fifteen years ago. It has since become modernised and tame. In some respects, doubtless, there has been improvement, but the country is well nigh lost to those who would seek refreshing change. The scenery is there, in its soft, enticing beauty, but the spirit of romance which hovered over peaceful lake and wooded valley has flown." Mr. Morris has done well to catch this vanishing spirit, and all the more so, seeing that he is full of affection for the people whom he describes, and evidently of intimate and sympathetic knowledge also. Slight as the volume is, it is marvellously full of matter, and is calculated to increase the interest of all its readers in one of the most interesting races of the world.

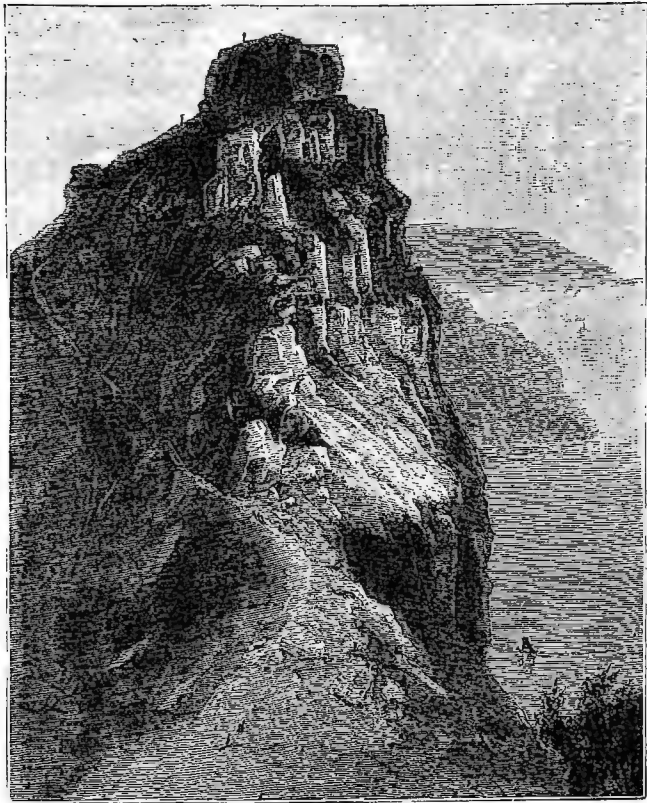


MR. HAKE has a double right to add one more to the many records of Gordon's noble patience and our humiliation. He is related to the hero of Khartoum; and the first volume of his "Story of Chinese Gordon" (Remington) was a work which would have taken high rank, even if no after interest had gathered round the name. This second volume deals with matters which have for some time been burned into the memory of the most indifferent. The greater part of it was passed for press, Mr. Hake assures us, before the fall of Khartoum, and this accounts for the signs of haste which make it as a book far less perfect than its predecessor. But we do not reckon as hasty the scathing remarks on Mr. Gladstone's share in the wretched business. When Gordon's life comes to be studied in the cold light of historical criticism it will still be true that "to the great Premier, rapt in an ecstasy of self-approval, Gordon, refusing alike to run away or get himself killed, and demonstrating publicly that duty and honour are facts beyond the touch of sophistry, was a living impeachment, a personal and peculiar reproach." "The Envoy had so far forgotten the transcendent merits of the Cabinet as to find fault with them;" and that, as others have found out in smaller matters, is the unpardonable sin. Among several new facts brought to light in this volume, we note the confirmation of the rumour that "after the debate on the Vote of Censure last summer a lady collected 80,000*l.* to equip a private expedition. In three personal interviews she implored official sanction for her enterprise, and thrice was she refused." Mr. Hake is sure that, "when the secret history of these times is brought to light, the truth of his bitterest sayings" (for instance, that "had the Envoy been a Cavendish or a Leveson-Gower, he would never have been abandoned; had he stooped to play the Ministerial game, he would have been loaded with honours and rewards") "will be made dreadfully clear." One thing is certain, when the unbiased historian of the future records that "Gordon died in utter scorn of the men who had betrayed him," he will be constrained to add that his scorn was more than justified. Of course Mr. Hake's narrative is graphic; he makes full use of the best authorities—Frank Power (in his haste he calls him Powell) and the rest. His Appendix gives Gordon's despatches, with Colonel Stewart's observations on them; Gordon's Khartoum proclamations; the correspondence between Sir E. Baring and Lord Granville, &c. At the outset he reminds us of a fact which the absorbing interest of Gordon's fate sometimes makes us overlook, that between Dongola and Gondokoro there were 21,000 Egyptian troops, 81 guns, and a whole population of civilians, with wives and children, all loyal to the puppet Government which we had set up but would not undertake to guide.

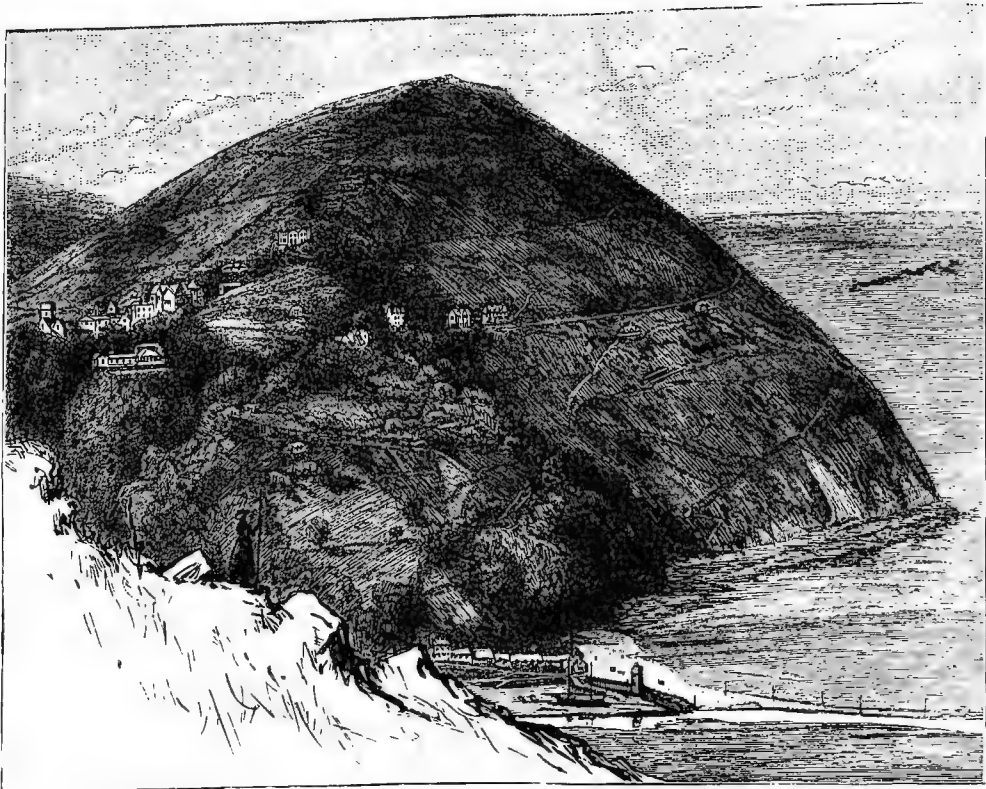
Whoever wants an exhaustive treatise on "The History of Art in Phœnicia and Its Dependencies" (Chapman and Hall) will find it in the two volumes so ably translated by Mr. Walter Armstrong from the French of MM. Perrot and Chipiez. The subject is a fascinating one. Even those who have not read Berger and Maspero and Renan must have had their curiosity roused by the discoveries in Cyprus; for Cypriote Art retained to the last the Phœnician stamp. The Phœnicians were always copyists. They drew from Chaldaea, from Egypt, and by and by from their own pupil, Greece. From beginning to end they remained bad artists; M. Perrot thinks the consciousness of this kept them from setting up any image in their temples. They copied Assyria and Egypt—Baalat (the Lady of Gebel) is almost exactly Isis-Hathor; the Cabiri are counterparts of Ptah. More striking still is the sarcophagus of Esmounazar, in which the King's mask wears an Egyptian beard-case; while the celebrated Palestrina platter (discovered in 1876) is so thoroughly Egyptian that one almost suspects the Phœnician inscription to be merely the owner's name engraved on a foreign bronze. For one thing, M. Perrot gives great credit to the Phœnicians for steadily rejecting the monstrosities of Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture. Poor as their work was, they carried to Greece nothing but the human form, and thus their rough statuettes led the way to the marvels of Greek genius. The Phœnician alphabet, which is that of the whole Western world, our authors think was practically a new invention, though the letters were modified out of the multitude of Egyptian ideographic characters. We have no space to do anything like justice to this exhaustive treatise; those who know the "Art in Egypt and Chaldaea" of the same authors will not need our commendation. Reservoirs at Carthage, tombs at Amathus, ramparts at Eryx, "Cyclopean" walls and rock temples at Gozo and Malta, are all described and figured, as well as tiles, and bronzes, and statuettes. The book is beautifully got up; and besides 644 engravings it has ten coloured plates of Phœnician glass.

As an account of 325 standard hymns which are found in most Church Hymnals, the Rev. J. King's "Anglican Hymnology" (Hatchards) will delight all who are fond of knowing something about what they sing. We wish Mr. King had given us more history, and had troubled himself less with numerical analysis. He might also have gone a step further, and told us of the relative acceptance of our most popular hymns among Nonconformists, seeing how deep is our debt to non-Anglican hymn writers. Few who read "Jerusalem, My Happy Home," think of it as slightly altered from what Francis Baker, Popish priest imprisoned in the Tower, wrote in Elizabeth's reign; and fewer still have remarked that some Low Church purists have deemed it needful to expurgate the Dissenter Doddridge's "My God, and is Thy table spread?" as too sacramental!

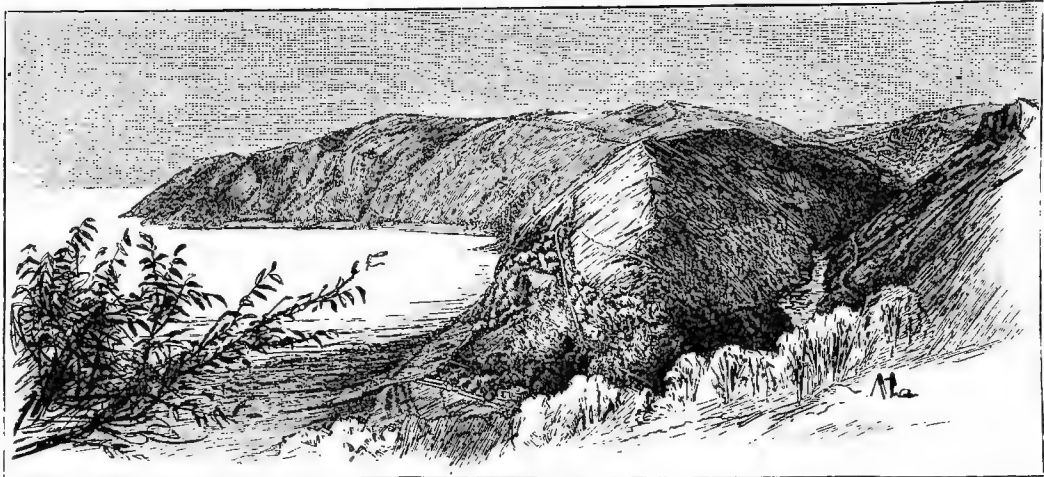
Any one going to our English Mentone will do well to put in his or her trunk Dr. Horace Dobell's "Medical Aspects of Bourne-mouth and Its Surroundings" (Smith and Elder). The subject is



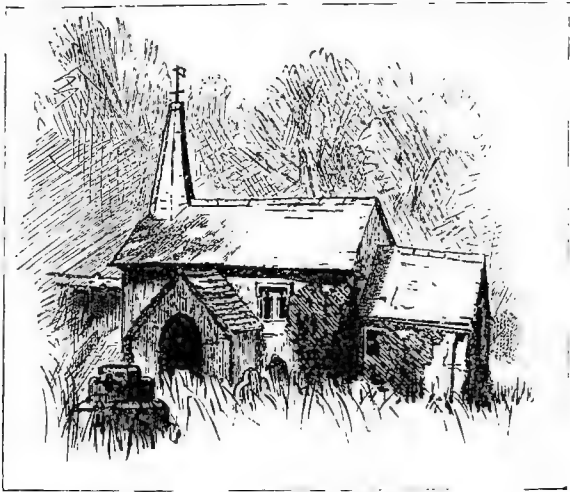
CASTLE ROCK



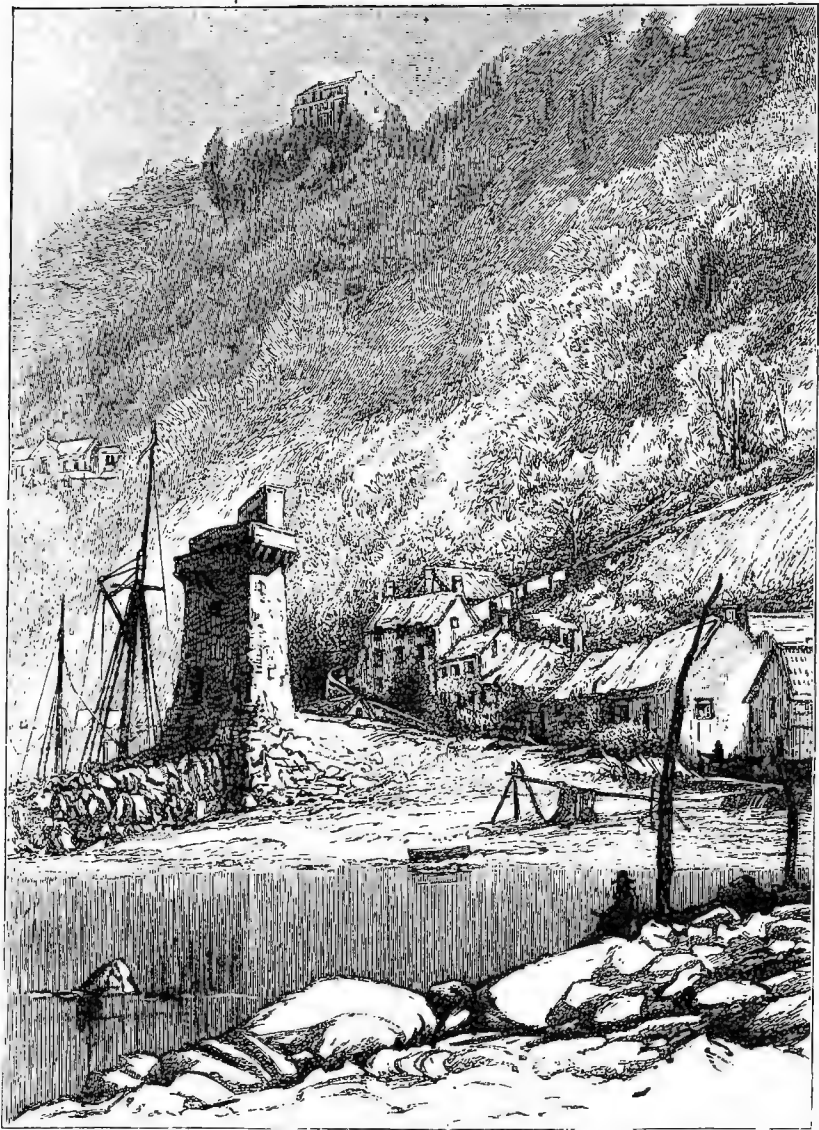
LYNTON HILL



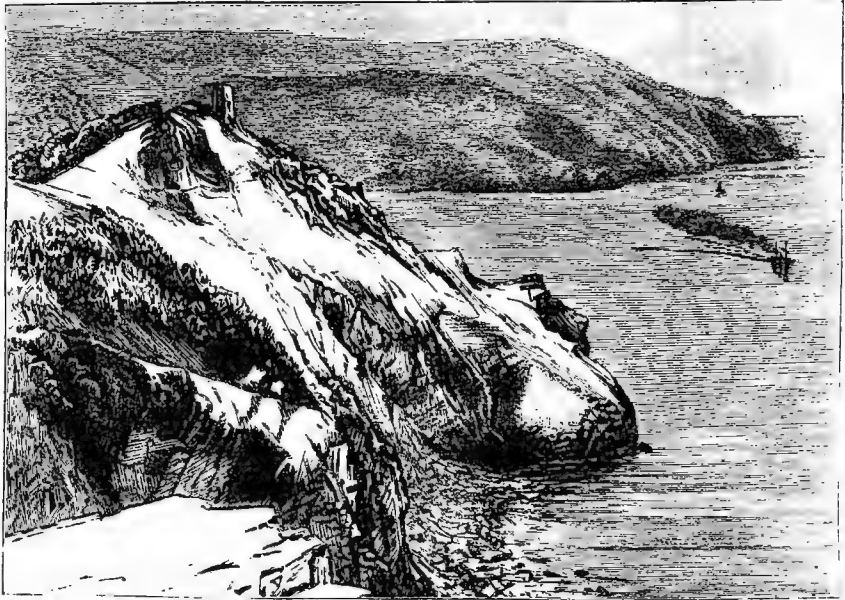
THE FORELAND



THE SMALLEST CHURCH IN ENGLAND



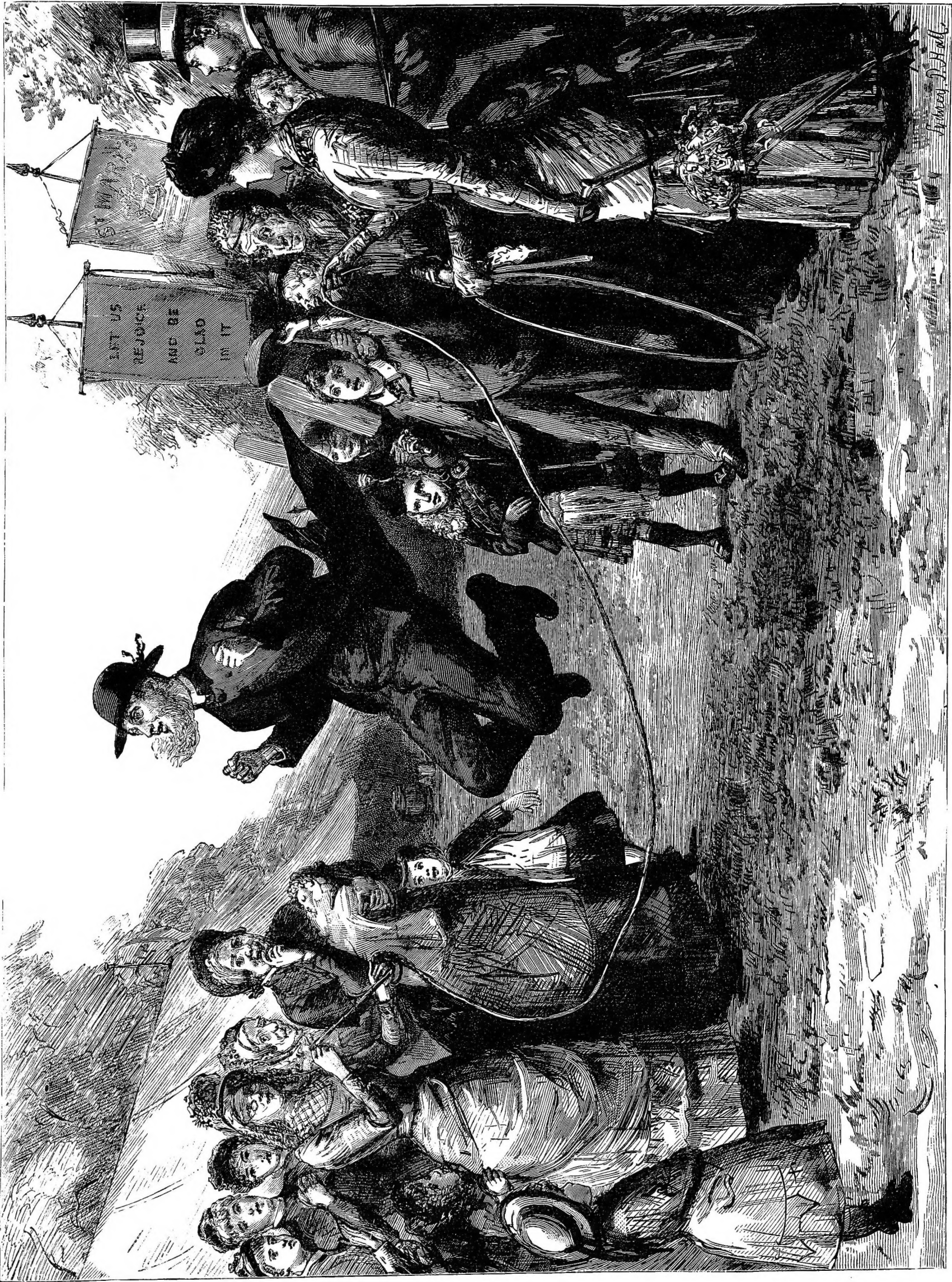
LYNMOUTH



DUTY POINT



THE BEACH AT LOW WATER



A DAY IN THE COUNTRY
"POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES"

thoroughly sifted—climate, pine woods, Mont Dore cure, those who should go and those who ought rather to seek Davos or Australia or some part of Africa. The book is beautifully illustrated with chromos and photographs; and Dr. Dobell, himself a resident, does not fail to protest against the annoyance to visitors and the danger to the children themselves of "Children's Services" on the beach. He also makes a much-needed protest against that "paddling" whereby girls so often bring on serious functional derangements.

"Shakespeare's Garden of Girls" (Remington) is a very delightful book, full of suggestion, and heartily to be recommended to those who have got what they can out of "Lamb's Tales," and are anxious to get all possible help in the study of that poet, whom, as Mr. Cowden Clarke says, "the women of England should most take to their hearts." The author of "Lady Macbeth, a Study," forgets her Chaucer when she says that "Shakespeare was the first to create real women in poetry;" but his heroines have certainly taken more hold on the national mind than those of the older poet. We specially commend the bevy of waiting women, and among them Maria, "that Robin Goodfellow in petticoats." The book is so well got up as to form a handsome present.

In "Darius the Median Identified" (London Literary Society), Mr. C. Fulkes Watson claims "to have recovered the true chronology of the ancient Monarchies," thereby reconciling Scripture with secular history. The late Mr. Bosanquet (in "Messiah the Prince") affirms that Darius the Median of Daniel is the Darius Hystaspes of Herodotus. This Mr. Watson denies, pronouncing the Median Darius to be Cyaxares II., the uncle of Cyrus the Great, who, having conquered Babylon and divided the Persian Empire into twenty-two satrapies, retired in favour of his nephew. He supports his view by Josephus, Ant. X., xi., 4; and if we lay stress on the epithet "Median," we are bound to accept his conclusion. Mr. Watson also discusses the identity of the Anasuerus of Esther and of the Artaxerxes in Ezra and Nehemiah. His essay ought to be carefully read by Biblical students who feel unsettled about the authority of the Book of Daniel.

Count d'Hérissou does not like the English, and the story which he tells of our putting into our copy of the joint treaty with the Chinese clauses which were not in the French transcript, thereby securing to ourselves special advantages, while we spoke of our allies as our "mercenaries," is so strange that we hope it may be accounted for by his having made some mistake in our language. He does not like our attitude during the Franco-Prussian war, and, rather ungraciously, says that at the end of the siege we "sent cheeses, displaying our gastronomic commiseration towards a nation which a little diplomatic commiseration might possibly have saved." He is equally annoyed at the Americans, who, from General Burnside downwards, struck him as most unfairly German. But his free expressions of personality only add *verve* to the very readable "Journal of a Staff Officer in Paris During the Events of 1870 and 1871" (Remington). M. d'Hérissou takes us from poor Prévost Paradol's suicide (he was with him in Washington at the time) down to February, 1871, when he went to Bismarck with Jules Favre's armistice convention. M. d'Hérissou does not praise the Empress; her headstrong dislike to Trochu gave the *coup de grâce* to the Imperial cause. He has reason to complain; for though he took infinite pains to pack up and send off all the contents of her fur, boot, and hat rooms, and the countless dresses in which her four lay figures used to be arrayed from day to day, she never gave him the least token of acknowledgement.

Goldsmith did not find Carinthia a pleasant travelling place. He speaks of

the rude Carinthian boor
Who 'gainst the houseless stranger shuts the door.

But, nowadays, if you have plenty of marks in your pocket you need not fear. The "Führer in das Lavanthal in Kärnten" (published by the Wolsberg Section of the German and Austrian Alpine Club) assures us that the "Volks character ist in Ganzen gutmüthig und empfänglich für ein freundliches Wort." We are glad to hear it; there was room for a change. At any rate it is new ground, this country between the Mur and the Drave with Wolsberg as a centre; and from the illustrations in this little guidebook, it seems fairly pretty.

FROM ST. GILES'S TO ST. JAMES'S

Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An enail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Dewildered, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.

GAY: "Trivia," Book ii.

To one standing on the site of Mistress Quickly's hostelry, the Old Boar's Head, and looking across the ruins of East Cheap a few months since, was afforded a rare prospect of some of Wren's best handiwork in the City. His Monument and exquisite steeple with its cupola of St. Magnus showed prominently in the foreground; beyond rose his graceful spires of St. Margaret Pattens and St. Dunstan-in-the-East; in the hazy distance loomed the Plantagenet out-works and Gundulph's central keep of the Conqueror's dominant Tower. At this date a more extensive view over Western London is to be obtained from New Oxford Street. But here, indeed, no architectural triumphs delight our eye. Hoardings and dismantled parti-walls dimly emerge from amidst the vast cloud of dust that hangs over the narrow courts, pestilent alleys, and intricate by-ways of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields and St. Anne's, Soho. For the Metropolitan Board of Works are perfecting one of their two great schemes for improving the approaches from Bloomsbury to Piccadilly and Charing Cross. The one project, unattempted even yet, is a heritage to them from their predecessors in office of over two hundred years ago; when John Evelyn, as a Commissioner for reforming the buildings, &c., proposed to cut through Cock and Pye Fields (covered by Neale, who introduced lotteries into England, with Seven Dials in 1694), and to open up the picturesque St. Martin's, *antique* West Church, Lane along the wall of the Convent Garden which had belonged to our great Western Minster (see his Diary *sub* 14th May, 1662, and 5th October, 1694). The other, with which we are at present concerned, sweeps away for a direct mile and more all that stands between the western end of Hart Street, Bloomsbury, and St. James's, Piccadilly. New Oxford Street itself was carried just thirty-five years ago through a St. Giles's rookery, the property of the Duke of Bedford. That noisome quarter had formed a nursery ground for the plague which, breaking out in Lewknor's Lane, now Charles Street, Drury Lane, well-nigh depopulated the whole parish. By the removal of five or six houses more, Hawksmoor's Church of St. George could have been brought into the plan so as to present a fine termination on the higher ground to their new thoroughfare. Whilst generally deficient in especially structural features this crowded and impoverished district is singularly rich in counter-attractions of local and personal interest. Here and there, it is true, we find a stately old mansion. Nevertheless, let out in tenements, these have long descended to the level of their sordid surroundings. Queen Anne's Bath in Endell, formerly Belton, Street, now holds the refuse scrap of an iron-monger's shop.

Looking then south-west we see the little that remains of the southern portion of Bloomsbury, formerly Plum Tree Street; Bedford and Bloomsbury Chapels, with the French Protestant School

and Anglican Church of St. John La Savoy. These latter remind us that the Huguenot colony—quite distinct, by the way, from the later settlement north of Oxford Street—still flourishes in Soho, where their *émigrés* forefathers worshipped at the neighbouring church dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin in Crown Street. That church was built 1677, in what was then Hog Lane, for a Greek congregation as an inscription testifies over the western door, and is depicted in Hogarth's "Noon." Fresh evidences of the French colony, though not without an admixture of a politically Protestant with other less desirable characteristics, are manifest as we proceed further along the only existing sides of Dudley and King Streets, where "magasins" and laundries, "estaminets" and "charcutiers," shops abound in every direction. Dudley Street, at first called "Le Lane," recalls the munificence to St. Giles's parish of the Duchess of that title, widow to a natural son of Queen Elizabeth's favourite. Its former style of Monmouth Street commemorates either the two Careys, Earls of Monmouth, parishioners; or the ill-fated James, Duke of Monmouth. Soho Fields were first granted to Henry, "the invincible little Jermyn," Earl of St. Alban's, by the Rose and Lily Queen's trustees; then by Charles II. to his own son James by Lucy Walters; and subsequently by his successor to that son's widow, Anne, in her own right Duchess of Buccleuch. Monmouth's house in Soho Square has given room to Bateman's Buildings; he lies beneath the altar-table of the Tower Garrison Chapel; the headless body of Lord Derwentwater, Charles II.'s grandson, found its first burial place in St. Giles's churchyard. The cast-off clothes stores, sung by Prior and Gay, and particularly the old boot-shops of the *ci-devant* Monmouth Street are to this day well represented. We can, however, well spare the vanished Monmouth Court, despite its associations with Catnach and his fellow ballad-singers, Tottenham Court Meg, the Ballet-singing Cobbler, or "Oulde Guy the Poe'e"—for as such do they figure in the churchwarden's accounts—whose vocal strains erst charmed the denizens of Seven Dials. At the remoter end of Dudley Street lies an open space, whence radiated, as in the neighbouring Seven Dials, several thoroughfares. These include, or rather included, Moor, Little Earl, Tower, Grafton, King, Church, and Crown Streets. In the first named was the French Exchange, its site latterly that of the church belonging to the Swiss Protestants, who on raising a battalion at the crisis of the "Forty-Five" received the stand of colours deposited therein. At the end of Church Street, a home of Sir Thomas Lawrence, appears the hideous stone steeple and lantern of Hakewell's church of St. Anne. This was dedicated for the parish then newly taken out of St. James's, Piccadilly, on the 21st March, 1686, by Bishop Compton, whose name survives in two adjoining streets. One Wright, an oilman in Compton Street—his name and act merit record—buried here Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this parish 11th December, 1756. Horace Walpole set up the monument, and penned its inscription. Here too are buried David Williams, founder of the Literary Fund (1816); and William Hazlitt (1830). Together with Grafton Street has disappeared Grafton House in Little Newport Street hard by. That house, and the old mansion next thereto, occupied the site of the town residence of Mountjoy Blount, created by Charles I. Earl of Newport. When Soho ranked as a most aristocratic quarter of the town, an emporium in Grafton House constituted a highly fashionable resort and lounge. From that nobleman, the market and approaches, like to Clare Market, derived their titles. The market-place is readily identified by the Industrial Dwellings recently erected over its area. The earlier buildings had served for the Refuge and Boys' Home which, after a temporary sojourn in Long Acre, was reopened some six months ago in Coburg Row, Westminster. The market-house was worthy of note for its connection with one of the last slaughter-houses which survived the Public Health Act of 1849. A tavern in Prince's Row had been the actual *abattoir*; the beasts being stabled for sale beneath an upper "chaffering floor" in a barn-like structure against the market-house, which claimed shadowy associations with Cromwell and his King. In that quaint old room, its wood-work and stalls yet remaining, many a wretched outcast, without a home or domesticity of any kind, could secure at least one night's shelter and food, a word of counsel, an effort of help; whilst the Refuge reclaimed many a wastrel from the streets.

In 1663 Great Newport Street was almost entirely inhabited by persons of quality, comprising the Earls of Holland, Newport, Leicester, and Bolingbroke, Lord Gerard, Lord Crofts, the Ladies Harris, Euret, Cornwallis, &c. It has also been occupied by William Cavendish, third Earl of Devonshire, who died in Newport House in the year 1654; Rymer, compiler of "Foedera;" Carte, the historian; Vivares, the engraver; Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle, our Ambassador to the Muscovite Czar and to Charles XI. of Sweden; and by Bibb, commonly known as "Half-crown Bibb," who, beginning life as an engraver, won greater fame as Jeremy Diddler, in the farce of *Raising the Wind*. Sir Joshua Reynolds resided at No. 5 until his removal in 1761 to what are now Puttick and Simpson's Auction Rooms in Leicester Square. In Newport Market Orator Henley was wont to discourse to the butchers' men as he did subsequently to those of Clare Market—in which latter another old slaughter-house remains; and it was here that Tooke's father, a poulterer (Turkey merchant as his son styled him), won his famous suit with Frederick, Prince of Wales, about a door that the latter had opened through Tooke's premises to communicate from Leicester House to the market-place. The late Earl Russell, in his essay on the "English Constitution," makes much of this triumph of a Westminster tradesman over the Heir Apparent to the English Crown. At the corner of King and Greek Streets is the house occupied for forty years by Jonathan Buttall, the wealthy ironmonger. His son, Jonathan, was the original of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." Master Buttall succeeded his father in 1768. At the sale of his effects in 1796 many drawings and paintings by Gainsborough were disposed of.

Continuing our route through a quarter unusually rich in name-tablets, we pass by Macclesfield Street, long distinguished for the oldest and most characteristic shop-front in the town, dating from *circa* 1680. This unique relic is fortunately saved from the general wreck, the purchaser being in treaty for its deposit in our national collection. Together with the shop-front in Brewer Street it forms one of the views in Mr. Alfred Marks's admirable photographs of Relics of Old London. In a mean lodging in Brewer Street the Chevalier d'Eon closed his adventurous life. We look in vain though for the town residence—a fine specimen of the *real* Queen Anne style—of Charles Gerard, or Garard, first Earl of Macclesfield of that line, who lived in Macclesfield Street till his death in 1634. He gave his name to the now Gerard Street, hallowed by memories of Burke (No. 37), Dryden (No. 43), Leigh Hunt, and "The Club," originally founded by Johnson and Reynolds at the Turk's Head Tavern. Crossing Wardour, lately Prince's, Street (*antique* Hedge Lane) the new thoroughfare absorbs the southern side of Richmond Street, and along with it a house, at the eastern corner, which is the last existing house in London that can with any certainty be pointed out as a residence of Nell Gwynne. Her almshouses still stand in Chapel Place—the court of the church in Crown Street. In the lease to her, by Charles II.'s sign manual, dated 1st December, 1666, this house is thus set forth:—"That newly-erected messuage situated and being in the Pall Mall Field on the north side of the street called Pall Mall Street . . . by the messuage late of Mary Countess of Portland with a long slip of garden ground together about three and a half acres in the lane called Hedge Lane leading to Soho." Nell Gwynne was then in her eighteenth year; that she had not quitted the stage is clear from Pepys's Diary. She lived in this house some time during the

interval 1667-70; for it was on May Day, 1667, that Pepys saw her by her lodging door in what is now Drury Court watching the



NELL GWYNNE'S HOUSE

milk maids sporting around the Strand Maypole, and in 1670 she had removed to her first Pall Mall home at the north-eastern end, next door to Lady Mary Howard. She passed her childhood in St. Giles's, having been born in the Coal Yard (Goldsmith Street), Drury Lane, close to the old Round House. Smollett, Fickling, and Harrison Ainsworth immortalise the lower life of the locality whose annals we briefly chronicle, just as among the scenes we describe John Leech and Hogarth have found many an inspiration for their pencil.

W. E. M.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is an element of daring which in itself appeals to the curiosity, if not to the sympathy, of the reader, when a poet of our own immediate time comes forward with a new rendering of some story, historical or legendary, which has already been successfully treated by a great forerunner in the art, and interest such as may be excited by an attempt of the kind attaches to "Marino Faliero," a tragedy, by Algernon Charles Swinburne (Chatto and Windus). Whether the piece would, under other circumstances, have attracted equal attention with some of the author's earlier work is an open question,—in our opinion it would not, in spite of some fine qualities. Byron was at some pains to impress upon his audience, that, as regarded his tragedies generally, "they were not composed with the most remote view to the stage," and it is probable that Mr. Swinburne would make the same declaration in respect of this and other of his plays, which might more fitly be described as dramatic poems; still, as in the case of the elder poet's work it may be said, as the result of experience, that he failed fully to grasp its capabilities, so of the younger it may be predicated that, in this instance at least, he has produced a tragedy which has many of the qualities of a good stage-play, and might, with judicious pruning, and adequate rendering, prove effective in representation. Unfortunately it would be necessary to apply the knife to passages which give the new "Marino Faliero" its greatest charm as a poem, so that we must be content to accept it on its merits as such, apart from any question of dramatic fitness. We think that Mr. Swinburne has been in some degree hampered by the form in which he has elected to cast his poem, not possessing to any great extent the dramatic spirit; but in places where the action is quiescent he now and then shows himself almost at his best, notably in some of the lengthy speeches put into the mouth of the old Doge, as for example, that on "Shame" at page 22, or that (pp. 109, 110) which closes his interview with his nephew prior to the rising. The main fault to be found with the piece is that, with the exception of such flashes, it contains little to stir the blood,—nothing, certainly, that can obliterate the memory of the speech on the Giants' Staircase; perhaps the nearest approach to intensity of action is the scene in which Faliero learns Steno's sentence, but it is impossible to resist the feeling that in this the chief character loses in dignity what he gains in force. In fact, the Doge is not throughout so well conceived or portrayed as is his Duchess; she is an admirable study of a noble woman rising above adverse circumstances, and some fine lines are put into her mouth in the third act:—

Were I vile,
My shame could shame not Venice but your heart,
Being clear of doubt as mine of shame, can hold
No thought more worthy than a poisonous dream
That so should feed its fever. If I be not
Vile, but in God's and man's eyes and in yours
Clean as my mother bare me clean of sin
Such as makes women shameful—then, though earth
Were full of tongues that cried on me, what hurt,
Were this to you or God in heaven or me
If we no more than God permit the snake
To hurt the heel he hisses at, but shuns
No stinging from flesh untainted? Were the world
Full of base eyes and tongues, ears quick to catch
Evil, and lips more swift to speed it, how
Should this make vile what were not?

Mr. Swinburne has, in our opinion, erred in judgment by introducing the totally uncalled-for episode of the Duchess and Bertuccio's hapless love for each other; a not particularly strong scene is the sole result of an innovation which in no wise furthers the plot. As a whole the drama follows the historical record of the *Cronica di Sanuto* even more closely than did Byron's tragedy, and the author showed wisdom in not attempting to give a new version of the death scene, which could only have been a measuring of swords with his greater predecessor; the play before us ends, rather feebly all things considered, with the Doge's departure to his execution. We have spoken of Faliero's utterances as being amongst the most striking in the play; this is noble, and worthy of the speaker:—

time, I think, shall hurl this world to hell,
Or give—not now, perchance, nor many a year,
Nor many a century hence—God knows—but yet
Some day, some year, some century, give our souls
Freedom. Nor haply then may we deserve
Remembrance: better many a man than we
May prove himself, and perish: yet if God
Fail us not so, that, failing, we should die
Cowards, it may be we shall sleep not scorned
Of all that hold our faith for ever.

The passage reminds us to note the excellence of the Latin hymns which, both here and later on, serve as a chorus to the action,—the verses are as musical as they are significant. We wish that, here and there, Mr. Swinburne had not indulged in those needless inversions of text, which seem to be almost an epidemic in current poetry; such a master of rhythm cannot need such adventitious aid, and they jar on the ear. It may be said then that "Marino Faliero" will sustain, but scarcely enhance, the author's reputation; at the worst it must gain a *succès d'estime*.

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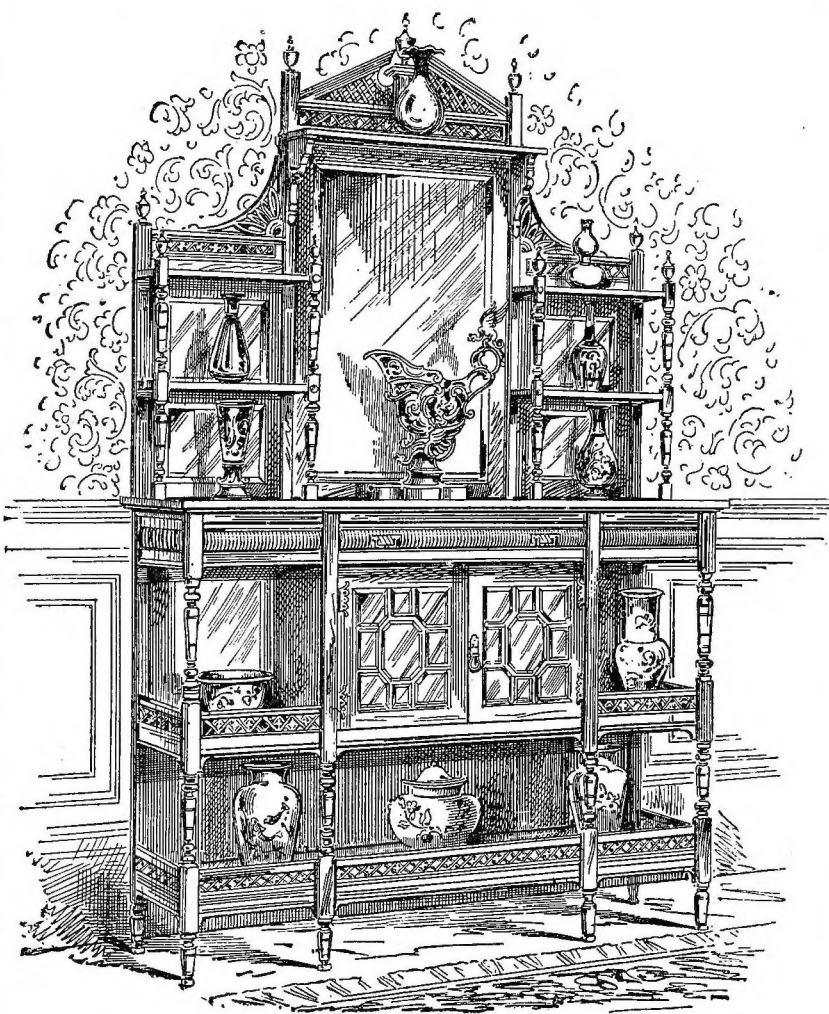
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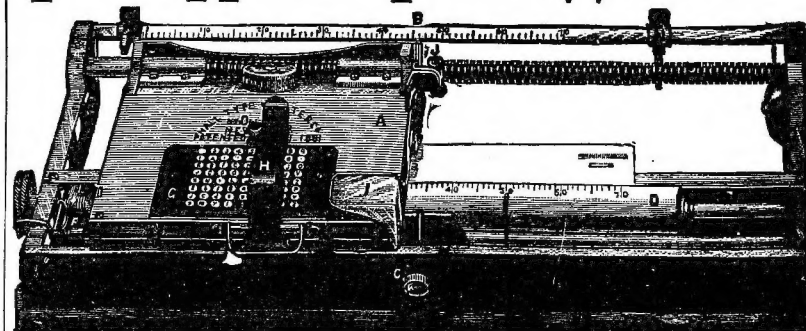
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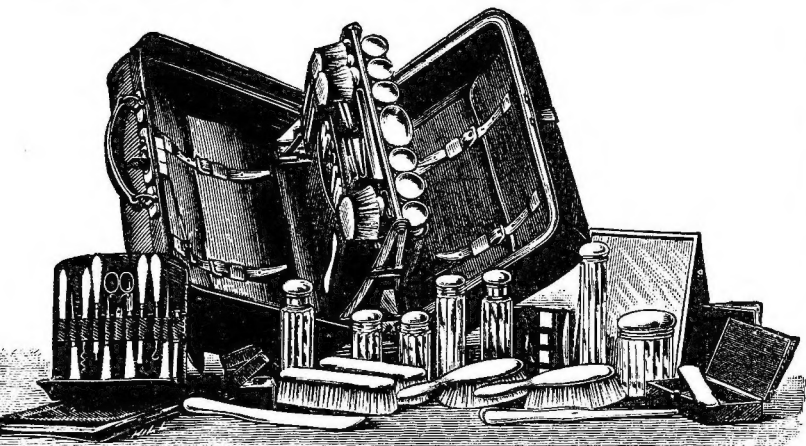
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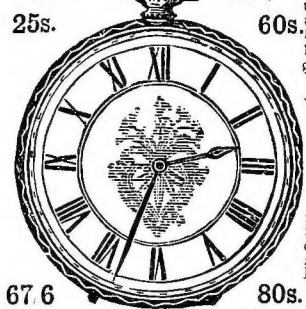
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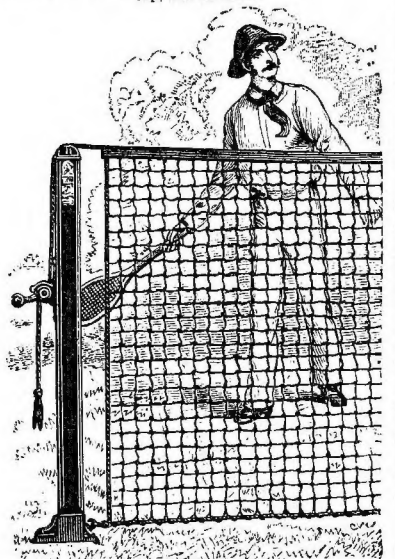
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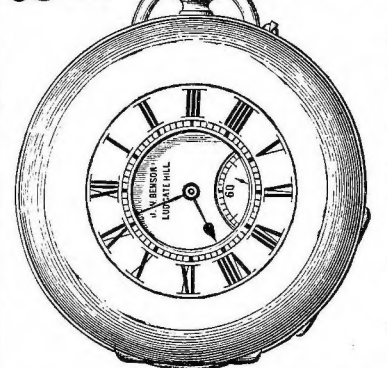
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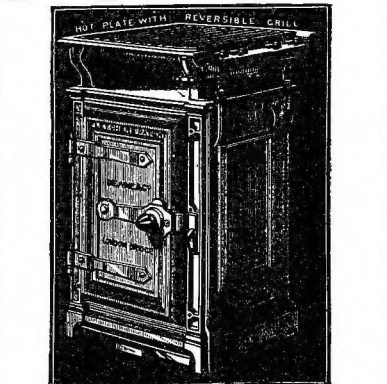
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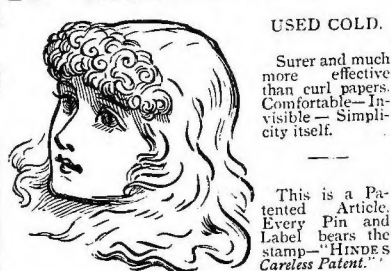
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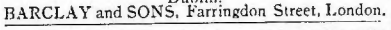
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